



Stoneleigh Abbey.

M. E. Barry.

St. London -

11/10/88.

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Clever
THE
NIGHT-
WALKER,
OR THE
LITTLE THIEF.

A
COMEDY,

As it was presented by her Majesties
Servants, at the Private House in
DRURY-LANE.

Written by *John Fletcher*, Gent.



LONDON,
Printed for *Andrew Crook*, 1661.

THE

RIGHT

WALLER

OF THE

LITTLE WHITE

COMEDY

As it was performed by the
Company at the Theatre in
DURRY-LANE

Written by John Waller



LONDON

Printed by W. G. Smith



THE
NIGHT-WALKER:
OR, THE
LITTLE THIEF.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Tom Lurcher and Jack Wildbrain.

Lurc.

I Acke.
Wild. What winde brought thee hither?
In what hollow tree, or rotten wall
Hast thou been like a Swallow all this Winter,
Where hast thou been man?

Lur. Following the Plow.

Wild. What plow? Thou hast no Land,
Stealing is thy own purchase. *Lur.* The best inheritance.

Wild. Not in my opinion,
Thou hadst five hundred pound a year. *Lur.* 'Tis gone.
Prethee no more on't, have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, nature made all men equal,
Her distribution to each child alike;
Till labour came and thrust a new Will in,
Which I allow not: till men won a priviledge
By that they call endeavour, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful Cosenage,

The Night-walker, or

An allowed way to cheat, why should my neighbour
That hath no more soul than his Horse-keeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a Broom-man,
Have forty thousand pound, and I four groats;
Why should he keep it? *Will.* Thy old opinion still.

Lur. Why should that Scrivener
That ne're writ reason in his life, nor any thing
That time ere gloried in, that never knew
How to keep any curtesie conceal'd,
But *Noverint universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal:
Consider this, why should that mouldy Cobler
Marry his daughter to a wealthy Merchant,
And give five thousand pound, is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution;
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg? *Wil.* What's this to thee?
Thou canst not mend, if thou beest determin'd
To rob all like a tyrant, yet take heed
And catch you in a Nooze.

Lur. I am no Wood-cock,
He that shall sit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pity, let me alone to shuffle,
Thou art for wenching. *Wil.* For beauty I, a safe course,
No halter hangs in the way, I defie it.

Lur. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty,
For where thou gainst by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee, 'tis thy destiny;
One is a kind of weeping cross *Iack*,
A gentle purgatory, do not fling at all,
You'll pay the Box so often, till you perish.

Wil. Take you no care for that sir, 'tis my pleasure,
I will imploy my wits a great deal faster
Then you shall do your fingers, and my Loves,
If I mistake not. shall prove riper harvest
And handsomer, and come within less danger.
Where's thy young sister?

Lur. I know not where she is, she is not worth caring for,
She has no wit.

The little Thief.

Oh you'd be nibbling with her,
She's far enough I hope, I know not where;
She's not worth caring for, a sullen thing,
She wo'd not take my counsel *Iack*,
And so I parted from her.

Wil. Leave her to her wants?

Lur. I gave her a little money what I could spare,
She had a mind to th' Countrey, she is turn'd
By this some Farriers dairy maid, I may meet her
Riding from market one day 'twixt her Dorsers;
If I do, by this hand I wo't spare
Her butter pence.

Wil. Thou wilt not rob thy sister.

Lur. She shall account me for her Egges and Cheeses.

Wil. A pretty Girle, did not old *Algript* love her?

A very pretty Girle she was.

Lur. Some such thing,
But he was too wise to fasten; let her pass.

Wil. Then where's thy Mistress?

Lur. Where you sha'not find her,

Nor know what stufte she is made on, no indeed sir,

I chose her not for your use. *Wil.* Sure she is handsome.

Lur. Yes indeed is she, she is very handsome, but that's all one.

Wil. You'le come toth' marriage. *Lur.* Is it to day.

Wil. Now, now, they are come from Church now.

Lur. Any great preparation,
Does Justice *Algripe* shew his power.

Wil. Very glorious, and glorious people there.

Lur. I may meet with him yet ere I dye as cunning as he is.

Wil. You may do good *Tom* at the marriage,

We have plate and dainty things. *Lur.* Do you no harm sir;

For yet me thinks the marriage should be mar'd

If thou maist have thy will, farewell, say nothing.

Exit.

Enter Gentlemen.

Wil. You are welcome noble friends. 1. I thank you sir,

Nephew to the old Lady, his name is *Wildbrain*,

And wild his best condition. 2. I have heard of him,

I pray ye tell me sir, is young *Maria* merry

After her marriage rites? does she look lively?

How

The Night-walker, or

How does she like her man? *Wil.* Very scurvily;

And as untowardly she prepares her self,
But 'tis mine Aunts will, that this dull mettall
Must be mixt with her to allay her handsomeness.

1. Had *Heartlove* no fast friends?

Wil. His means are little,
And where those little are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of—
Beyond the *Indies* in his mouldy Cabinets,
But 'tis her unhandsome fate. *Enter Heartlove.*

1. I am sorry for't,

Here comes poor *Frank*, nay we are friends, start not Sir,
We see you'r willow and are sorry for't,
And though it be a wedding we are half mourners.

Fr. Good Gentlemen remember not my fortunes,
They are not to be help'd by words. *Wil.* Look up man,
A proper sensible fellow and shrink for a Wench,
Are there no more? or is she all the handsomeness?

Fr. Prethee leave fooling. *Wil.* Prethee leave thou whining,
Have maids forgot to love? *Fr.* You are injurious.

Wil. Let 'em alone a while, thei'le follow thee.

1, Come good *Frank*,

Forget now, since there is no remedy,
And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.

2. Be a free guest, and think not of those passages:

Wil. Think how to nick him home, thou knowest she dotes
Graff me a dainty medler on his crabstocke; (on thee;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.

Fr. Well, make your mirth, the whilst I bear my misery:
Honest minds would have better thoughts.

Wil. I am her kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth,
Yet honest *Frank*, before I would have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tombe, enjoy her maidenhead.

Fr. Prethee leave mocking. *Wil.* Prethee *Frank* believe me,
Go to consider, harke, they knock to dinner. *Knock within.*
Come wo't thou go?

2. I prethee

The little Theefe.

2. I preethee *Frank* go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do. *Fr.* You are light Gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts, pray give me leave,
Ile come and see, and take my leave.

Wil. Wee'll look for you,
Do not despair, I have a trick yet.

Exit.

Fr. Yes,
When I am mischievous I will believe your projects :
She is gone, for ever gone, I cannot help it,
My hopes and all my happiness gone with her.
Gone like a pleasing dream : what mirth and jollity
Raignes round about this house ? how every office
Sweats with new joyes, can she be merry too ?
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment ?

Sure she hath a false heart then ; still they grow lower,
The old mans God, his gold, has won upon her
(Light hearted Cordial gold) and all my services
That offered naked truth, are clean forgotten :
Yet if she were compel'd, but it cannot be,
If I could but imagine her will mine,
Although he had her body.

*Enter Lady and
Wildbrain.*

La. He shall come in.
Walk without doors o' this day, though an enemy,
It must not be. *Wil.* You must compel him Madam.

La. No she shall fetch him in, Nephew it shall be so.

Wil. It will be fittest.

Exit.

Fr. Can fair *Maria* look agen upon me ?
Can there be so much impudence in sweetness ?

Enter Maria.

Or has she got a strong heart to defie me ?
She comes her self : how rich she is in Jewels !
Me thinks they show like frozen Isicles,
Cold winter had hung on her, how the Roses
That kept continual spring within her cheeks
Are withered with old mans dull embraces ?
She would speak to me. I can sigh too Lady
But from a sounder heart : yes, and can weep too
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,

Tears.

The Night-walker, or

Tears of more pious value than your marriage;
You would encase your self, and I must credit you;
So much my old obedience compels from me;
Go, and forget me, and my poverty,
I need not bid you, you are too perfect that way:
But still remember that I lov'd *Maria*,
Lov'd with a loyal love, nay turn not from me,
I will not ask a treat more, you are bountiful,
Go and rejoyce, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left. *Mar.* Good sir hear me,
What has been done, was the act of my obedience
And not my will: forc'd from me by my parents,
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomly
And if there can be more society
Without dishonour to my tie of marriage
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still,
You had the first, the last, had my will prosper'd;
You talk of little time of life: dear *Franke*,
Certain I am not married for eternity,
The joy my marriage brings tells me I am mortal.
And shorter liv'd then you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
Adde what I coveted, content, go with me,
They seek a day of joy, prethee let's show it,
Though it be forc'd, and by this kiss believe me
However, I must live at his command now,
Ile dye at yours.

Fr. I have enough, Ile honour ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Lurcher.

Lur. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage
I mean to visit, I have shift of all sorts,
And here are a thousand wheelles to set 'em working,
I am very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage, if mad *Wildgoose*
That debosh'd rogue keep but his antient revells,
And breed a hubbub in the house I am happy.

Enter Boy.

Now what are you?

Boy. A poor distressed Boy Sir,
Friend.

The little Theefe.

Friendless and comfortless, that would entreat
Some charity and kindness from your worship,
I would fain serve Sir, and as fain indeavour
With dutious labour to deserve the love
Of that good Gentleman shall entertain me.

Lur. A pretty boy, but of too milde a breeding,
Too tender and too bashfull a behaviour,
What canst thou do?

Boy I can learn any thing,
That's good and honest, and shall please Master.

Lur. He blushes as he speaks, and that I like not,
I love a bold and secure confidence,
An impudence that one may trust, this boy now
Had I instructed him had been a Jewel,
A treasure for my use, thou canst not lye.

Boy. I would not willingly. *Lur.* Nor thou hast not wit
To dissemble neatly. *Boy.* Do you love such boyes, Sir?

Lur. Oh mainly, mainly, I would have my boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piously:
Like *Proteus*, cast himself into all forms,
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts,
Blanch at no danger, though it be the Gallows,
Nor make no conscience of a cosonage
Though it be ith' Church; your soft, demure, still children —
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces —
And sing songs to dull tunes; I would keep thee
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,
And be a tender Master to thy knavery,
But thou art not for my use.

Boy. Do you speak this seriously? *Lur.* Yes indeed do I.

Boy. Would you have your boy Sir
Read in these moral mischiefs? *Lur.* Now thou mov'st me.

Boy. And be a well train'd youth in all activities?

Lur. By any means. *Boy.* Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneness. *Lur.* I speake this to make thee.

Boy. Then take me Sir, and cherish me, and love me,
You have me what you would: believe me Sir
I can do any thing for your advantage,

I guess at what you mean; I can can lie naturally,
As easily, as I can sleep Sir, and securely:
As naturally I can steal too. *Lur.* That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on, hold thee there, thou art excellent.

Boy. Steal any thing from any body living.

Lur. Not from thy Master. *Bo.* That's mine own body:
And must not be.

Lur. The Boy mends mightily.

Bo. A rich man, that like snow, heaps up his moneys,
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still;
A fool that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.

Lur. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me,
Of my own nature just.

Boy. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do best sir,
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And to those twice so many tongues to flatter.
An impudence, no brags was ever tougher,
And for my conscience.

Lur. Peace, I have found a Jewel,
A Jewel all the Indies cannot match,
And thou sha't feel _____

Boy. This title, and I ha'done sir;
I never can confess, I ha'that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a Magistrate,
Such Innocence to catch a Judge, such ignorance.

Lur. Ile learn of thee, thou art mine own, come Boy,
Ile give thee action presently.

Boy. Have at you. *Lur.* What must I call thee?

Boy. Snap sir. *Lur.* 'Tis most natural,
A name born to thee, sure thou art a Fairie,
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happie.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mistress, Nemlove, Tobie.

La. Where be these Knaves? who sturves up all the liveries.
Is the brides bed made? *Tob.* Yes Madam and a bell
Hung under it artificially. *La.* Out knave out,
Must we have larums now? *Tob.* A little warning

That

The Little Theef.

That we may know when to begin our healths Madam,
The Justice is a kinde of old Jade Madam,
That will go merriest with a bell.

La. All the house drunk. *Tob.* This is a day of Jubile.

La. Are the best hangings up, and the plate set out?
Who makes the Posset, Nurse?

Nur. The dairie mayd,
And shee'le put that in, will make him caper:
Well Madam, well, you might ha' chose another,
A handsomer for your years.

La. Peace, he is rich Nurse,
He is rich, and that's beauty.

Nur. I am sure he is rotten,
Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her. *Termagant!*

La. What an angry quean is this, where,
Who looks to him? *Tob.* He is very merry Madam,
M. Wildbrain, has him in hand, ith' bottom oth' Sellar
He sighes and tipples. *Nur.* Alas good Gentleman,
My heart's sore for thee.

La. Sorrow must have his course, sirra,
Give him some Sack to dry up his remembrance,
How does the Bridegroom, I am afraid of him.

Nur. He is a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him.
Must my sweet new blown Rose find such a winter
Before her spring be near.

La. Peace, peace, thou art foolish.

Nur. And dances like a Town-top: and reels, and hobbles.

La. Alas, good Gentleman, give him not much wine,

Tob. He shall ha' none by my consent.

La. Are the women comforting my daughter?

New. Yes, yes, Madam,
And reading to her a pattern of true patience,
They read and pray for her too.

Nur. They had need, shee's a noble
Ye had better marry her to her grave a great deal:
There will be peace and rest, alas poor Gentlewoman,
Must she become a Nurse now in her tenderness?
Well Madam, well my heart bleeds.

The Night-walker, or

La. Thou art a fool still. *Nur.* Pray heaven I be.

La. And an old fool to be vext thus.

Tis late she must to bed, go knave be merry,

Drinke for a boy, away to all your charges.

Exit.

Enter Wildbrain, and Franke Heartlove.

Wil. Do as thou wo't, but if thou dost refuse it

Thou art the stupid'st assle, there's no long arguing,

Time is too precious *Franke.*

Fr. I am hot with wine,

And apt now to believe, but if thou dost this

Out of a villary, to make me wrong her,

As thou art prone enough.

Wil. Does she not love thee?

Did she not cry down-right e'en now to part with thee?

Had she not swoounded if I had not caught her?

Canst thou have more? *Fr.* I must confess all this.

Wil. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting,

If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;

Now now she's going, she that loves thee going,

She whom thou lov'st. *Fr.* Pray let me think a little;

Wil. There is no leisure; think when thou hast imbrace'd her

Can she imagine thou didst ever honour her?

Ever believe thy oathes, that tamely suffer'st

An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her?

Enjoy her Maiden head; take but that from her

That we may tell posterity a man had it,

A handsome man, a gentleman, a young man,

To save the honour of our house, the credit,

Tis no great matter I desire. *Fr.* I hear you.

Wil. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools

And ophs, got by this shadow: we talke too long.

Fr. She is going to bed; among the women,

What opportunity can I have to meet her?

Wil. Let me alone, hast thou a will? speak soundly,

Speak discreetly, speak home and handsomely,

It's not pittie, nay misery, nay insamy to leave

So rare a pie to be cut up by a raskall.

Fr. I will go presently, now, now, I stay thee.

Wil.

The Little Thief.

Wil. Such a dainty Doe, to be taken
By one that knows not necke-beefe from a Pheasant,
Nor cannot rellish Braggat from Ambrosia.
Is it not conscience?

Fr. Yes, yes, now I feel it. *Wil.* A meritorious thing.

Fr. Good Father Wildgoose,
I do confesse it. *Wil.* Come then follow me.
And pluck a mans heart up, Ile locke thee privately,
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interrupt thee but be sure;

Fr. I shall be sure enough, lead on, and crown me.

Wil. No wringings in your mind now as you love me. *Ex.*

Enter Lady, Maria, Justice, Gent. Nurse, Newlove.

La. Tis time you were a bed. *Lu.* I prethee sweet-heart.
Consider my necessity, why art sad?
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon. *Nur.* Of Tom Thumb.
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.

New. I pittie the young wench.

1. And so do I too.

2. Come, old stickes take fire.

1. But the Plague is, he'll burn out instantly;
Give him another cup.

2. Those are but flashes,

A tun of sack wonot set him high enough.

Will ye to bed? *M.* I must.

1. Come, have a good heart,

And win him like a bowle to lye close to you,

Make your best use.

Ja. Nay prethee Duck go instantly,
Ile daunce a Jig or two to warme my body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. Tis almost midnight. *La.* Prethee to bed *Maria.*

Wil. Go you afore, and let the Ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts a while, there must be
A time of taking leave of the same fooleries,
Bewailing others maiden-heads.

La. Come then,

We'll wait in the next room.

The Night-walker, or

Tu. Do not tarry.

For if thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep *Mall.* *Exit.*

Wi. Do, do, and dream of Dotrells, get you to bed quickly,
And let us ha' no more stir, come no, crying,

'Tis too late now, carry your selves discreetly,
The old thief loves thee dearly, thats the benefit.

For the rest you must make your own play, Nay not that way,

Theil pull ye all to pieces, for your whim-whams,

Your garters and your gloves, go modestly,

And privately steal to bed, 'tis very late *Mall,*

For if you go by them such a new larum.

Ma. I know not which way to avoid 'em.

Wi. This way,

This through the Cloisters: and so steal to bed,

When you are there once, all will separate

And give ye rest, I came out of my pity

To shew you this.

Ma. I thank you.

Wi. Here's the keyes,

Go presently and lock the doors fast after ye,

That none shall follow.

Ma. Good night.

Wi. Good night sweet Cosen,

A good, and sweet night, or Ile curse thee *Frank.*

Exit.

Enter Frank Hartlove.

Fra. She staves long, sure young *Wildgoose* has abus'd me,

He has made sport wi' me, I may yet get out again,

And I may see his face once more, I ha' foul intentions,

But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark, it was the door,

Something comes this way, wondrous still, and stealing

May be some walking spirit to affright me.

Ma. Oh heaven my fortune.

Fr. 'Tis her voice, stay.

Ma. Save me,

Bless me you better powers.

Fr. I am no Devil. *Ma.* Y'are little better to disturb me now.

Fr. My name is *Hartlove.* *Ma.* Fye, fye, worthy friend.

Eye noble sir.

Fr. I must talk farther with ye,

You

The little Theefe.

You know my fair affection.

Ma. So preserve it,
You know I am married now, for shame be civiller,
Not all the earth shall make me. *Fr.* Pray walk this way,
And if you ever lov'd me.

Ma. Take heed *Frank*
How you divert that love to hate, go home prethee.

Fr. Shall he enjoy that sweet? *Mar.* Nay pray unhand me.

Fr. He that never felt what love was.

Ma. Then I charge you stand further off.

Fr. I am tame, but let me walk w'ye,
Talk but a minute.

Mar. So your talk be honest,
And my untainted honour suffer not;
He walk a turn or two.

Fr. Give me your hand then. *Exit.*

Enter, Wildbrain, Justice, Lady, Nurse, Gent.

Women, Newlove.

Iust. Shee's not in her Chamber. *La.* She is not here.

Wil. And Ile tell you what I dream'd. *Iu.* Give me a Torch.

r. G. Be not too hasty fit. *Wil.* Nay let him go.

For if my dream be true, he must be speedy,
He will be trickt, and blaz'd elle.

Nur. As I am a woman
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty,
Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold for tormenting her.

La. Ile hang her then.

Nur. Ile bless her then, she does justice,
Is this old stinking doggs flesh for her dyet?

Wil. Prethee honest Nurse do not fret too much,
For fear I dream youle hang your self too.

Iust. The Cloister?

Wil. Such was my fancy, I do not say 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.

Iu. Where are the keyes, the keyes I say.

Wil. I dream'd she had 'em to lock her self in.

Nur. What a Devil do you mean?

Enter

The Night-walker, or

Enter Servant.

Wil. No harme, good Nurse be patient.

Ser. They are not in the window, where they use to be.

Wil. What foolish dreams are these?

Iu. I am mad. *Wil.* I hope so,

If you be not mad, Ile do my best to make yee.

1. This is some tricke.

2. I smell the Wildgoose.

Iu. Come gentlemen, come quickly I beseech you,
Quicke as you can, this may be your case Gentlemen.

And bring some lights, some lights.

Exit.

Wil. Move faster, faster, you'l come too late else.

Ile stay behind and pray for ye, I had rather she were dishonest,
Than thou shouldst have her.

Enter Maria and Francke.

Mar. Y'are most unmanly. yet I have some breath left;

And this steel to defend me, come near me,

For if you offer but another violence,

As I have life Ile kill you, if I miss that,

Vpon my own heart will I execute,

And let that fair beleefe out, I had of you.

Fr. Most vertuous Maid, I have done, forgive my follies:

Pardon, O pardon, I now see my wickedness,

And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me,

On your fair hand I seal.

Enter Iu.

Iu. Down with the door.

Ma. We are betraid, oh *Francke, Franke,*

Fr. Ile dye for ye

Rather than you shall suffer, Ile —

Iu. Now Enter.

Enter All.

Eater sweet Gentlemen, mine eyes, mine eyes,

Oh how my head akes.

1. Is it possible? 2. Hold her, she sinkes.

Ma. A plot upon my honour

To poyson my fair name, a studied villany,

Farewell, as I have hope of peace, I am honest,

Iu. My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains, they bud sure.

Nu. She is gone, she is gone.

Iu.

The Little Thief.

In. A handsome riddance of her.
Would I could as easily lose her memory.

Nur. Is this the sweet of Marriage, have I bred thee
For this reward?

1. Hold, hold, he's desperate too.

Ju. Be sure ye hold him fast, wee'll bind him over
To the next Sessions, and if I can, Ile hang him.

Fr. Nay then Ile live to be a terrour to thee,
Sweet Virgin Rose farewell: heaven has thy beauty,
That's onely fit for heaven. Ile live a little
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,
And then most blessed soul, Ile climbe up to thee.
Farewell, I feel my self another creature.

Exit.

La. Oh misery of miseries.

Nu. I told ye Madam.

La. Carry her in, you will pay back her portion.

Ju. No not a penny, pay me back my credit,
And Ile condition we'ye.

La. A sad wedding,
Her grave must be her Bridal bed, oh *Mall*,
Would I had wed thee to thy own content,
Then I had had thee still.

Ju. I am mad, farewell,
Another wanton wife will prove a hell.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tom Lurch. and his Boy.

Lur. What hast thou done?

Boy. I have walked through all the lodgings.
A silence as if death dwelt there inhabits.

Lur. What hast thou seen?

Boy. Nought but a sad confusion
Every thing left in such a loose disorder
That were there twenty theeves, they would be laden.

Lu. 'Tis very Well, I like thy care, but 'tis strange

C

A wed-

The Night-walker, or

A wedding night should be so solitary.

Boy. Certainly there is some cause, some death or sickness
Is falln suddenly upon some friend,
Or some strange news is come.

Lur. Are they all a bed?

Boy. I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

Lur. Where's all the plate?

Boy. Why lockt up in that room.
I saw the old Lady, ere she went to bed
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings
In a smal long chest, her chains and rings are there too,
It stands close by the Table on a form.

Lur. 'Twas a good notice, didst thou see the men.

Boy. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves,
But what they said I was too far to hear.

Lur. 'Tis daintily discover'd, we shall certainly
Have a most prosperous night, which way.

Boy. A close one,
A back door, that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the Garden side.

Lur. I love diligence,
Wert thou not fearful.

Boy. Fearful? Ile be hang'd first.

Lur. Say they had spied thee.

Boy. I was then determin'd
To have cry'd down right too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an interest in their sadness,
Or made an errand to I know not whom sir.

Lur. My dainty Boy, let us discharge, that plate
Makes a perpetual morion in my fingers,
Till I have fast hold of it.

Boy. Pray be wise sir, doe't handsomly, be not greedy,
Lets handle it with such an excellence
As if we would bring the eving into honour:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend watches.

Lur.

The Little Thief.

Lur. Still my blest Boy.

Boy. And clear the Room of drunken jealousies,
The chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise ith' the carriage we may be snap'd.

Lur. Come open, here's a Devils face.

Boy. No, no, sir, wee le have no shape so terrible,
We will not do the Devil so much pleasure,
To have him face our plot.

Lur. A winding sheet then.

Boy. That's too cold a shift,
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness,
I wonder you are an old thief, and no cunninger,
Where's the long Cloak?

Lur. Here, here.

Boy. Give me the Turbant
And the false beard, I hear some coming this way,
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct: stay let 'em enter,
And when I touch move forward, make no noise.

Enter Nurse and Tobie.

Nur. Oh 'tis a sad time, all the burnt wine is burnt Nick.

Tob. We may thank your dry chaps for't, the Canaries gone too
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon,
I cannot mourn in beer, if she should walk now
As discontented spirits are wont to do.

Nur. And meet us in the Cellar.

Tob. What fence have we with single beer against her?
What heart can we defie the Devil with?

Nur. The March beer's open.

Tob. A fortification of March beer will do well,
I must confess 'tis a most mighty Armour,
For I please me I cannot pray.

Nur. Why Nicholas?

Tob. VVe Coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no pray'rs
Can go an even pace.

Nur. Hold up your candle.

Tob. Verily Nurse, I have cry'd so much
For my young Mistress, that is mortified,

The Night-walker, or

That if I have not more sack to support me,
I shall even sleep, heilho, for another flagon;
These Burials and Christnings are the mournful t matters,
And they ask more drink.

Nur. Drink to a sad heart's needful.

To. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry Nurse.

Nur. Me thinks the light burns blew, I prethee snuffe it,
There's a thief in't I think.

To. There may be one near it.

Nur. Whats that that moves there, ith' name of——*Nicholas?*
That thing that walks.

To. Would I had a ladder to behold it,
Mercy upon me, the Ghost of one oth' Guard sure,
'Tis the devil by his clawes, he smells of Brimstone,
Sure he farts fire, what an Earth-quake I have in me;
Out with thy Prayer-book Nurse.

Nur. It tell ith' the frying-pan, and the Cat's eat it.

Tob. I have no power to pray, it grows still longer,
'Tis Steeple high now, and it sails away Nurse.
Lets call the Butler up, for he speaks Latine,
And that will daunt the devil: I am blasted,
My belly's grown to nothing.

Nu. Fye, fye, *Tobie.*

Exit.

Bo. So let them go, and whilst they are astonish'd
Let us presently upon the rest now suddenly.

Lur. Off, off, and up agen, when we are near the Parlour,
Art sure thou knowst the Chest?

Boy. Though it were ith' dark fir,
I can go to't.

Lur. On then and be happy.

Exit.

Enter Tobie.

Tob. How my haunches quake, is the thing here still?
Now can I out-do any Button-maker, at his own trade,
I have fifteen firs of an Ague, Nurse, 'tis gone I hope,
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone. Nurse——
And she knows too I ha but a lean conscience to keep me com-
pany.

Noise within.

The devil's among 'em in the Parlour sure,

The

The Little Thief.

The Ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,
He is boyling of her bones now, hark how she whistles:
There's Gentlewomen within too, how will they do?
He to the Cook, for he was drunk last night,
And now he is valiant, he is a kin to th' devil too,
And fears no fire,

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. No light?

Boy. None left sir,

They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em,
Their fright is infinite, let's make good use on't,
We must be quick sir, quick, or the house will rise else.

Lu. Was this the Chest?

Boy. Yes, yes.

Lur. There was two of 'em.

Or I mistake.

Boy. I know the right, no stay sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily,
Put to your strength and make as little noise,
Then presently out at the back door.

Lur. Come Boy.

Come happy child and let me hug thy excellence.

Exit.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. What thousand noises pass through all the rooms?
What cries and hurries? sure the devil's drunk.
And tumbles through the house, my villanies
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now molest me;
My Cosens death sits heavy o' my conscience,
Would I had been half hang'd when I hammer'd it.
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial
That *Frank* might have had some hope: hark still
In every room confusion, they are all mad,
Most certain all stark mad within the house,
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
That I might have the more sense of my mischief,
And run the more mad too, my Aunt is hang'd sure,
Sure hang'd her self, or else the fiend has fetter'd her;

I heard

The Night-walker, or

I heard a hundred cries, the Devil, the Devil,
Then roaring and then tumbling, all the chambers
Are a meer Babel, or another Bedlam.

What should I think? I shake my self too:

Can the Devil find no time, but when we are merry,

Here's something comes.

Enter Newlove.

New. Oh that I had some company,
I care not what they were, to ease my misery,
To comfort me,

Wil. Whose that?

New. Again? noy then receive—

Wil. Hold, hold I am no fury.

The Merchants wife.

New. Are ye a man? pray heaven you be.

Wil. I am.

New. Alas I have met fir
The strangest things to night.

Wil. Why do you stare.

New. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out,
For if I see the spirit again I dye for't.

And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.

Wil. Ile warrant you, Ile hold ye,
Hold ye as tenderly; I have put the light out,
Retire into my Chamber, there Ile watch we'ye,
Ile keep you from all frights.

New. And will ye keep me.

Wil. Keep you as secure Lady.

New. You must not wrong me then, the devil will have us.

Wil. No, no, Ile love you, then the devil will fear us.

For he fears all that love, pray come in quickly,

For this is the malicious house he walks in,

The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,

Depraves the senses, now within this half hour

He will have power to turn all Citizens wives

Into strange creatures, Owles, and long-taild Monkeys,

Jayes, Pies, and Parrots, quickly, I smell his brimstone.

New. It comes agen I am gone, shift for your self fir.

Exit.

Wil. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion,

Here's

The Little Thief.

Here's nothing comes, all they are mad, damd devil
To drive her back agen, 't had been thy policy
To have let us alone, ~~we~~ might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hel-hood laugh, tis a dainty wench,
If I had her again, nor all your fellow goblins
Nor all their clawes should scratch her hence, Ile stay still,
May be her fright will bring her back agen,
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Tob. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber,
Sure they are all ith' Cellar, and I cannot find that neither,
I am led up and down like a tame ass, my light's out
And I grope up and down like blind-man buffe,
And break my face, and break my pate.

Vvil. It comes again sure
I see the shadow, Ile have faster hold now,
Sure she is mad, I long to lye with a mad-woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks.

Tob. I hear one whilper
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets,
I have a glimpse of her guise, 'tis she would steal me,
But Ile stand sure.

Tob. I have but a dram of wit left,
And that's even ready to run, oh for my bed now.

Vvil. She nam'd a bed, I like that, she repents sure,
Where is she now?

Tob. Who's that?

Vvil. Are you there, In, In, In presently.

Tob. I feel his talents through me,
'Tis an old haggard devil, what will he do with me?

Vvil. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick.

Tob. A leacherous Devil.

Vvil. What a hairy whore 'tis, sure she has a muffler.

Tob. If I should have a young Satan by him, nor I dare not deny him,
In what case were I? who durst deliver me?

Vvil. 'Tis but my fancy, she is the same, in quickly, gently my
Sweet

The Night-walker, or

Sweet girl.

To. Sweet devil be good to me.

Exeunt.

Enter Lurch. and Boy.

Lur. VWhere's my love, Boy.

Boy. She, s coming with a Candle
To see our happy prize.

Lur. I am cruel weary.

Boy. I cannot blame ye, plate is very heavy
To carry without light or help.

Lur. The fear too
At every stumble to be discovered boy,
At every cough to raise a Constable,
VVell, wee'le be merry now.

Boy. VVe have some reason ;
Things compass'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious fir to live upon.
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their nature as much merit
As his , that digs 'em out 'oth mine, they last too
Season'd with doubts and dangers most deliciously,
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.

Lu. Molt learned child.

Enter Mistress.

Mi. Y'are welcome, where have you left it.

Lu. in the next room, hard by. *Mi.* Is it plate all.

Lu. All, all, and Jewels, I am monstrous weary,
Prethee let's go to bed.

Mi. Prethee let's see it first.

Lu. To morrow's a new day sweet. *Mi.* Yes to melt it,
But let's agree to night, how it shall be handled,
He have a new gown. *Sur.* Shat have any thing.

Mi. And such a riding suite as Mistress Newloves,
VVhat though I be no Gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

Lu. Thou sayst right.

Mi. You promis'd me a horse too, and a lackquay.

Lur. Thou shat have horses six, and a postilion.

Mi. That

The Little Thief.

Mi. That will be stately sweet heart a postilion.

Lu. Nay wee'le be in fashon he shall ride before us
In winter, with as much dirt would dampe a musker,
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.

Mi. That will be deer.

Lu. There is a dye projecting
Will make it cheape wench, come thou shalt have any thing.

Mi. Where is this chest, I long sweete to behold
Our Indies.

Boy Mistresse lets melt it first, and then tis fit
You should dispose it, then tis safe from danger.

Mi. Ile be a loving Mistresse to my boy too.
Now fetch it in and lets rejoyce upon't.

Boy. Hold youre light Mistresse, we may see to enter.

Mi. Ha whats here? call you this a chest?

Boy We ha mist fir.

Our hast and want of light made us mistake. *Mi.* A very Coffin.

Lu. How! a Coffin? *Boy,* Tis very like one.

Boy. The devill ow'd us a shame, and now he has paid us.

Mi. Is this your Treasure? *Boy* Bury me alive in't.

Lu. It may be there is no roome.

Mi. Nay, I will search it:

Ile see what wealth's within, — a womans face,
And a faire womans.

Boy. I cannot tell sir,
Belike this was the sadnesse that posselt 'em;
The plate stood next, I'me Iure.

Lur. I shake I shake *Boy,* what a cold sweat —

Boy. This may worke, what will become on's fir?

Mi. She is cold, dead cold: de'e find' your conscience,
De'e bring your Gallians hither — nay, shee's punish'd,
Your conceal'd love's cas'd up?

Lur. Tis *Maria*, the very same, the Bride, new horror!

Mi. These are fine tricks, you hope shee's in a sound,
But Ile take order she shall ne'r recover
To bore my nose, come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or Ile cry out; take her up instantly.

Lu. Be not so hasty foole, that may undoe us;

We may be in for murmur so; be patient,
Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.

Mi. I am sure she shall not.

Boy. Be not sir dejected,

Too much a strange mistake! this had not been else,
It makes me almost weep to think upon't.

Lu. What an unluckie thief am I?

Mi. He no considering, either bestir your self, or —

Lu. Hold.

Mi. Let it not stay, to smell then, I will not
Indure the stink of a Rival.

Lu. Would twere there agen.

Boy. We must bury her.

Lur. But where o'ch sudden, or with what providence,
That no eyes watch us.

Mi. Take a Spade and follow me,
The next fair ground we meet, make the Church-yard;
As I live, He see her lodg'd.

Exit.

Lu. It must be so,

How heavy my heart is, I ha no life left.

Boy. I am past thinking too, no understanding,
That I should misse the right Chest.

Lu. The happy Chest.

Boy. That, which I saw and markt too.

Lu. Well passion wo'not help us,
Had I twenty fals for this?

Boy. Twas my fault sir.

And twenty thousand fears for this, oth' devil,
Now could I curse, well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mi. Hang both for two blind buzzards, here's a Spade
Quickly or He call the neighbours.

There's no remedy,

Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pastie.

Exeunt.

Enter Justice, and a Servant with a light.

Ser. Twas a strange mischance sir.

In. Mischance, fault? No twas happineffe to me,
There's so much charge sav'd, I have her portion,
He marry twenty more on such conditions.

Ser. Did it not trouble you sir,
To see her dead?

In.

The little Thief.

In. Not much, I thank my conscience;
I was tormented till that happen'd, furies
Were in my brain to think my self a Cuckold
At that time of the night :
When I come home, I charge you shut my doors,
Locks, bolts, and barres, are little enough to secure me.

Ser. Why, and please you ?

In. Fool to ask that question ;
To keep out women, I expect her mother
Will visit me with her clamors, oh I hate
Their noise, and do abhorre the whole sex heartily ;
They are all walking Devils, Harpyes, I will study
A week together how to raile sufficiently,
Upon e'm all, and that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing Books and Ballads,
That Malice hath invented against women,
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
Till I grow fat with curses.

Ser. If youle go

To th' charge, let me alone to find you Books.

In. They come neer us.

Ser. Whats that ?

In. Where ? hold up the Torch Knave.

Ser. Did you hear nothing, 'tis a —

In. Why dost make a stand ?

Ser. Whats that ?

In. Where, where, dost see any thing ?

We are hard by the Church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such ink some places ;
They say Ghosts walk sometimes, hark, de'e hear nothing ?

Enter Lurcher, Boy, and Mistresse.

Mi. No further, dig here, and lay her in quickly.

Lur. VVhat light is that Boy, we shall be discover'd ;
Set the Coffin up an end, and get behind me,
There's no avoiding.

Boy. Oh !

In. VVhere's that groan ? I begin to be afraid.

Ser. VVhat shall we do sir ?

In. VVe are almost at home now, thou must go forward ;
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.

Lur. Tis he ?

Boy. I know him too, let me alone.

Ser. Oh sir, a Ghost, the very Ghost of Mistresse Bride,

I have no power to runne away.

Iu. Curled Ghost, blesse me, preserve me,
I doe command thee what so ere thou art,
I doe conjure thee leave me ; doe not fright me ;
If thou beest a divell vex me not so soone,
If thou beest

The spirit of my wife.

Boy Thy wife.

Iu. I shall be tormented.

Boy. Thy abus'd wife, that cannot peaceably
Enjoy her death, thou hast an evill conscience. *Iu.* I know it

Boy. Among thy other finnes which blacke thy soule,
Call to thy minde thy vov made to another,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man, or else
A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,
Vntill thou leape into eternall flames;
Where gold which thou adorest here on earth
Melted, the Fiends shall powre into thy throat ;
For this time passe, goe home and thinke upon me.

Lur. Away.

Ser. There are more spirits.

Iu. Thanke you deare wife,
Ile bestow twentie nobles of a Tombe for thee,
Thou shalt not walke and catch cold after death.

They goe Backward in.

Lu. So, so, they'r gone, twas my ingenious rascal :
But how dost know he made vovs to another ?

Boy. I over-heard the women talke to night on't ;
But now lets lose no time sir, pray lets bury

This G n lewoman, where's my Mistresse? *Enter Mistresse.*

Mi. Here I durst not tarry.

Lu. we ha so cosen'd the old forty i'th hundred,
And the devill hinder him not, hee'le goe a pilgrimage;
But come, about our businesse, set her downe agen.

Mar. Oh ! *Lur.* Shee groanes, ha.

Mar. Oh ! *Lur.* Agen, she stirres.

Mi. Lets fly, or else we shall be torne in peeces.

Lur. And you be good at that, buiy your selfe,
Or let the Sexton take ye for his fee,

Away

The little Theefe.

Away boy.

Exit.

Mar. I am very cold, dead cold;
Where am I? What's this? a Coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me: Ha, I doe remember
I was betrai'd, and fswounded; my heart akes,
I am wondrous hungry too, dead bodies eate not;
Sure I was meant for buriall, I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of Ice dwells round about me,
Darknesse spreads o're the world too, where? what path?
Best providence direct me.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lady, Wildbraine, Women, Toby,

La. **T**Hou art the most unfortunate fellow;

Wil. Why Aunt what have I done?

La. The most malicious varlet,
Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering,
And haching hellish things, and to no purpose,
So thou maist have thy base will.

Wi. Why doe you raile thus?
Cannot a scurvy accident fall our,
But I must be at one end on't?

La. Thou art at both ends.

Wi. Cannot young fullen wenches play the fools,
And marry, and die, but I must be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to perswade her,
(And as I take it) I was bound to it too,
To make the reverend coxcombe her husband Cuckold:
What else could I advise her, was there harme in this?
You are of yeares, and have runne through experience,
Would you be content if you were young agen,
To have a continuall cough grow to your pillow,
A rottennesse, that vaults are perfumes to
Hang in youre roose, and like a fogge infect you;
Anointed hammes to keepe his hinges turning

Reek

Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night caps,
With twenty several sweats.

To. Some Jew, some Justice,
A thousand heathen smels to say truth Madam,
And would you mellow my young pretty Mistresse
In such a mis-ken?

La. Sirra,
Where's the body of my Girl?

Wi. I know not,
I am no Conjuror, you may look the body,
I was like to be stoln away my self, the Spirit
Had like to ha surpris'd me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.

To. So had I Madam, simply though I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty Spirits
In every corner of the house a Fiend met me.

La. You lie like raskals,
Was Mistresse *Newlove* such a Spirit fir
To fright your worship;
Well, I discharge you fir, ye're now at libertie,
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy,
You know your substance, though you are my Nephew,
I am no way bound fir to protect your mischief;
So fare you well.

Wi. Farewell good Aunt, I thank you,
Adieu honest *Nick*, the devil if he have power,
Will persecute your old bones, for this marriage,
Farewel Mistresse *Win*.

To. And shall we part with dry lips;
Shall we that have been fellow devils together
Flench for an old womans fart?

Wi. Tis a fine time a night too, but we must part *Nick*.

To. Shall we never ring again? ne're tossie the tenor,
And roul the changes in a Cup of Claret?
You shall not want what ere I lay my hands on,
As I am sure *Automedon* the Coachman,
Shall be distributed; bear up, I say, hang sorrow,
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure,
Sam the Butlers true, the Cook a reverend Trojan,

The little Theef.

The Faulkner shall sell his Hawkes, and swear they were rotten,
There be some wandring spoons, that may be met with,
He pawn a Coach horse, peace, utter no sentences.
The harnessse shall be us'd in our warres also ;
Or shall I drive her) tell me but your will now,
Say but the word) over some rotten bridg,
Or by a Marle pit side, she may slip in daintily,
Let me alone for my self.

Wi. No, no, farewell *Toby*,
Farewel spinie *Nicholas*, no such thing,
There be wayes i'the world, if you see me
A day or two hence, may be weel'le crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell, commend to the household ;
Nay, cry not *Toby* 'twill make thy head giddy.

To. Sweet Master *Wildbraine*.

Wi. No more *Toby*, go, the times may alter —
But where's the coarfe of my dead cosen,
(If she be dead) I hop'd 'thad but dissembled
That sits heavy here : *Toby*, honest *Toby*,
Lend me thy Lanthorn, I forgot 'twas dark,
I had need look to my wayes now.

To. Take a lodging with me to night in the Stable,
And ride away to morrow with one of the horses
Next your heart, pray do.

Wi. No, good night good neighbour *Toby*, I will wander,
I scorn to submit my self, ere I have rambled,
But whether, or with what, that's more material ;
No matter, and the worst come it is but stealing,
And my Aunt won'ot see me hang'd for her own credit,
And farewell in a halter costs me nothing.

Exit.

Enter Hartlove.

Fran. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
The Goblins, Hagges, and the black spawne of darknesse,
Cannot fright me, no death, I dare thy cruelty.
For I am weary both of life and light too ;
Keep my wits heaven, they say spirits appear
To melancholly minds, and the graves open,
I would fain see the fair *Maria*'s shadow,
But speak unto her spirit ere I dyed,

But

The Night-walker, or

But ask upon my knees a mercy from her ;
I was a villain, but her wretched Kinsman,
That set his plot, shall with his heart blood satisfie
Her injur'd life and honor , what lights this ?

Enter Wildbrain with a Lanthorn.

Wil. It is but melancholy walking thus ;
The Tavern doors are baracado'd too,
Where I might drink till morn in expectation ;
I cannot meet the Watch neither ; nothing in
The likenesse of a Constable , whom I might
In my distresse abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

Fra. Tis his voyce, Fate, I thanke thee.

Wi. Ha, who's that, and thou bee'st a man speak ?
Frank Heartlove, then I bear my destinies,
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for ;
My Aunt has turn'd me out a doores, she has,
At this unchristian houre, and I doe walke,
Me thinks, like *Guido Faux* with my darke Lanthorn,
Stealing to set the towne a fire ; ith' country
I should be tane for William o' the Wispe,
O: Robin Good fellow, and how dost *Frank* ?

Ha. The worse for you.

Wi. Come, thar't a foole, art going to thy lodging ?
Ile lie with thee to night, and tell thee stories,
How many devills we ha met withal ;
Our house is haunted *Frank*, whole legions,
I saw fiftie for my share.

Fr. Didst not fright e'm ?

Wi. How, fright e'm ? no they frightened me suffciently.

Fr. Thou had't wickednesse enough to make them stare,
And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil ;
And draw thy sword, for by *Marias* soule ;
I will not let thee scape to do more mischief.

Wi. Thou art mad, what dost meane ?

Fr. To kill thee, nothing else will ease my anger,
The injury is fresh, I bleede with all,
Nor can that word expresse it, there's no peace in't,
Nor must it be forgiven but in death ;

Therefore

Therefore call up thy valour if thou'lt any,
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee;
Thy heart must suffer for thy damn'd practices,
Against thy noble cosen, and my innocence.

Wi. Hold, heare a word; did I doe any thing
But for your good, that you might have her,
That in that desperate time I might redeeme her,
Although with shew of losse.

Fr. Out ugly villaine,
Fling on her the most hated name of Whore
To the worlds eye, and face it out in courtesie,
Bring him to see't and make me drunke to attempt it.

Enter Maria.

Ma. I heare some voyces this way.

Fr. No more, if you can pray, doe it as you fight.

Ma. What new frights oppose me? I have heard that tongue.

Wi. 'Tis my fortune,
You could not take me in a better time sir,
I ha nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee,
My life my sword protect.

Ma. I know'em both, but to prevent their ruines,
Must not discover — stay men most desperate;
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keepe me from my grave, and tie my spirit
To endlesse troubles else.

Wi. Ha, 'tis her Ghost.

Fr. Maria.

Ma. Heare me both, each wound you make
Runnes through my soule, and is a new death to me,
Each threatning danger will affright my rest;
Looke on me *Hartlove*, and my kinsman view me;
Was I not late in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miserable? full of all misfortunes?
But you must adde with your most impious angers
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?
Would you teach time to speake eternally
Of my disgraces; make Records to keep'em,
Keep them in brasse? fight then, and kill my honor;
Fight deadly both, and let your bloody swords,
Through my reviv'd, and reeking infamy
(That never shall be purg'd) finde your owne ruines:

Hartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit,
If thou kil'st him, thou art a murderer,
And murder shall never inherit heaven :
My time is come, my concealed grave expects me,
Farewel, and follow not, your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace : I hope they are melted,
This is my way lure.

Exit.

Fr. Stay blessed soul.

Wi. Would she had come sooner, and ha sav'd some blood.

Fr. Dost bleed ?

Wi. Yes certainly, I can both see and feel it.

Fr. Now I well hope it is not dangerous ;
Give me thy hand, as honor guides me,
He know thee again.

Exit.

Wi. I thank thee heartily ;
I know not where to get a Surgeon ;
This vision troubles me, sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it ;
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy,
If I go far I faint, He knock at this house,
They may be charitable, would t'were perfect day.

Enter Mistresse.

Mi. Tis not he ? What would you sir ?

Wi. I would crave a little rest Lady,
And for my hurts some Surgerie, I am a Gentleman
That Fortune of a fight ---

Mi. A handsome Gentleman,
Alas he bleeds, a very handsome Gentleman,

Wi. A sweet young wench, beshrow my heart a fair one ;
Fortune has made me some recompence,

Mi. Pray come in, the air is hurtful for you
Pray let me lead you, He have a bed for you presently,
He be your Surgeon too, alas sweet Gentleman.

Wi. I feel no hurts, the morning comes too fast now.

Mi. Softly I beseech you.

Exit.

Enter Lady and Toby.

To. He is not up yet Madam, what mean't you
To come forth so early ? *La.* You block head ;
Your eyes are sow'd up still, they cannot see
When it is day : oh my poor *Maria* ;

Where

Where be the women ?

To. They said they would follow us.

La. He shall not laugh thus at my misery,
And kill my child, and steal away her body,
And keep her Portion too.

To. Let him be hang'd for't,
You have my voice.

La. These women not come yet ?
A sonne in law, Ile keep a Conjurer,
But Ile find out his knavery.

To. Do, and Ile help him.
And if he were here this whip should conjure him,
Here's a capias, and it catch hold on's breech,
Ile make him soon beleeye the Devil were there.

La. An old Usurer.

To. He married the mony, thats all he lookt for,
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.

La. Ile swim him ;
This is his house, I wonder they stay thus,
That we might raise him out on's wits.

To. They'll come,
Fear not Madam, and bring clappers with 'em
Or some have lost their old wont, I have heard
No disparagement to your Ladiship, some o'their tongues
Like Tom a Lincolne three miles off.

La. Oh fie,
How tedious are they ?

To. What and we lost no time,
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our Instruments, till the consort come
To make up the full noise, Ile knock.

In. Who's that ? rapt so sawcily ?

To. Tis I, *Toby*, come down, or else we'll fetch you down,
Alas, this is but the Sauncebell, here's a Gentlewoman
Will ring you another peal, come down, I say.

In. Some new fortifications, look to my doors,
Put double barres, I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her Tribe, they come to terrefie me :
Keep out her tongue too if you can.

La. I hear you,

The Night-Walker, or

And I will send my tongue up to your worship,
The Eccho of it shall flye o're the streete;
My Daughter, that thou killedst with kindnesse (Jew)
That thou betrayedst to death, thou double Jew,
And after stol't her body.

To. Jew's too good for him.

In. I defie you both;

Thy daughter plaid the villaine and betray'd me:
Betray'd my honor.

La. Honor, Rascal,
And let that bear an action, Ile try it with thee,
Honor?

To. Oh Reprobate!

La. Thou mustie Iustice,
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thy selfe.

To. A worshipful ropes end is too good for him.

La. Get honor that way, thou wot die a dogge else.

To. Come and be whipt first.

La. Where is her Portion. *Enter Nurse and women.*

In. Where Ile keepe it safely.

Nur. Traitor, thou shalt not keep it.

In. More of the kennel? put more bolts to'th doores there,
And arme your selves, hell is broke loose upon us.

To. I am glad y'are come, wee'll blow the house down.

La. Oh Nurse, I haue such cause——

Wo. Villaine, viper, although you had no cause, we are bound
To helpe.

Nur. Yes, and beleeve, we come not here to examine,
And if you please wee'll fire the house

In. Call the Constable.

To. A charitable motion, fire is comfortable.

La. No no, we'll only let him know our minds,
We will commit no outrage, he's a Lawyer,

In. Give me my musker.

La. Where's my daughters body,
That I may bury it?

Wo. Speak, or wee'll bury thee.

Nur. Alive wee'll bury thee, speak old Iniquitie.

To. Bury him alive by all meanes for a testimony.

In. Their voyces make my house reel, oh for Officers,

The little Theef.

I am in a dreame, thy daughters spirit
Walkes a nights, and troubles all the neighbours;
Goe hire a Conjuror, Ile say no more.

La. The Law shall say more,

Wo. Nur. We are witnesse,

And if thou beest not hang'd —

Enter Lurcher, and Boy.

Lur. Buy a book of good manners,
A short Book of good manners:

Boy. Buy a ballad, a ballad of the nraid was got with child

To. That might ha beene my case last night,
Ile ha't what ere it cost me.

Boy. A ballad of the witches hang'd at Ludlow.

To. I will have that too;

There was an Aunt of mine, I thinke amongst e'm,
I would be glad to heare her Testament.

Lur. A new book of women,

In. The thunders laid, how they stare at him

Lur. A new book of fooles, a strange book,
Very strange fooles.

In. Ile owe thee a good turne what e're thou art.

Lur. A book of walking spirits.

In. That I like not.

To. Nor I, they walk'd me the fooles morris.

Lur. A book of wicked women.

In. Thats well thought on.

Lur. Of rude malicious women, of proud women,
Of scolding, women, we shall nere get in.

Boy. A ballad of wrong'd Maides.

La. Ile buy that.

Lur. A little very little book.
Of good and godly women, a very little one,
So little, you may put it in a nushel.

To. with a small print, that no body can read it.

Nur. Peace sirra, or Ile teare your books.

In. Open the doore, and let him in, I love him.

Lur. A book of evil Magistrates.

La. I marry, dee hear that Justice.

Lur. And their eviller wives,
That weare their places in their peticotes.

Ju. Dee you hear that Lady.

By. A book new printed, against Playing,
Dancing, Masking, May-poles; a zealous Brothers book,
And full of Fables.

Lur. Another book of women, of mad women,
Women that were born in March.

Exit.

La. Are you got in?

We would ha pul'd your knaves hide else; this fellow
Was sent to abuse us, but we shall have time
To talk more with this Justice.

Ju. Farewel Madam, as you like this come visit me agen,
You and your treble strings, now scold your hearts out —

Wo. Shall he carry it thus away?

Nur. Go to the Jugg, and what you'll have us swear —

La. I thank ye heartily,

Ile keep that for the last, I will go home,
And leave him to his Conscience for a while,
If it sleep long, Ile wake it with a vengeance.

Exit.

Enter Servants.

1. What book has he given thee?

2. A dainty book, a book of the great Navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of Canon proof,
Built upon Whales to keep their keels from sinking;
And Dragons in'em, that spit fire ten mile;
And Elephants that carry goodly castles.

1. Dost thou beleieve it?

2. Shall we not beleieve books in Print?

1. I have *John Taylors* book of Hempseed too,
Which for two lines I hapned on by chance,
I reverence.

2. I prethee what are they?

1. They are so put upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late *Histrionomastix*,
Talking of change and transformations,
That wittily, and learnedly he bangs him,
So many a Puritans ruffe, though starched in Print,
Be turn'd to Paper, and a Play writ in't:
A Play in the Puritans ruffe? Ile buy his Works for't,
And confute *Horace* with a Water Poet:
What hatt there a ballad too?

2. This?

The little Theef.

2. This is a peece of Poetry indeed;

He sings; Justice cries within.

What noise is that?

1. Some cry ith' streets; prethee sing on.

Sing again.

2. Agen, dost not hear? 'tis ith' house certainly?

1. Tis a strange noise? and has a tang o'the Justice.

2. Lets see?

Exit.

Enter the Servants bringing in their Master bound and gag'd.

1. Untie his feet, pull out his gag, he will choak else;

What desperate rogues were these.

2. Give him fresh air.

Ju. I will never study books more;

I am undone, these villains have undone me.

Rifled my Desk, they have undone me learnedly;

A fire take all their books, Ile burn my Study:

Where were you rascals when the villains bound me,

You could not hear.

1. He gave us books sir, dainty books to busie us;

And we were reading in that which was the Brewhouse;

A great way off, we were singing ballads too,

And could not hear.

Ju. This was a precious theef,

A subtle trick to keep my servants safe.

2. What ha you lost sir?

Ju. They ransack'd all before my face, and threatned

To kill me, if I congh'd, they have a chain,

My rings, my box of casting gold, my purse too,

They rob'd me milerably; but that which most grieves me,

They took away some writings; twas a Rogue

That knew me, and set on by the old Lady,

I will indite her for't.

1. Shall we pursue 'em?

Ju. Run, run, cursed raskals,

I am out of my wits, let not a creature in,

No not with necessaries.

2. We shall be starv'd.

Ju. Ile buy my meat at window, as they passe by;

I wonot trust my Scrivenor, he has books too;

And bread Ile ha slung up; I charge ye all

Burn all the books i'th house.

1. Your little Prayer book?

Iu. Ile never pray agen, ile have my doores
Made up, nothing but walls, and thicke ones too;
No sound shall tempt me a gen, remember I
Have for swoare bookes,

2. If you should be call'd to take your oath.

Iu. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likenesse of a booke:
And I were condemn'd, Ile rather chuse to hang,
Than read agen; come in, and search all places,
They may be about the house, were the doores lock'd?

1. But the keyes in 'em, and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in fir.

Iu. Never was man so miserably undone,
I would lose a limbe to see their rogueships totter.

Exeunt.

Enter Lady and Nurse.

La. Thy brothers daughter, sailt, and born in Wales?

Nur. I have long time desired to see her, and I hope
Your Ladiship will not be offended.

La. No, no.

Nur. I should be happy if she might be serviceable
To you Madam.

La. Beshrow me, but at first, she took me much,
Is she not like *Maria*? setting aside
Her language very like her, and I love her
The better for't, I prethee call her hither,
She speakes feat English.

Nur. Why *Guennith*, *Guennith*, *du hummah Guenneth*;
She is course Madam, after her country guise,
And were she in fine clothes —

La. Ile have her handsome: *Enter Maria.*
What part of Wales were you borne in?

Ma. In Abehundis Madams.

Nur. She speakes that name in Welsh, which we call Breck-

La. What can you do? (nocke

Ma. Her was toe many tings in Walls, know not the fashion
in London? her was milk the Cowes, make seeze and butters,
and spinne very well the Welsh freeze, her was Cooke to re
Mountain cots, and sing very fine prittish tunes was mage good
ales and breds, and her know to dance on Sundayes, marge you
now Madams.

La.

The little Thief.

La. A pretty innocence, I doe like her infinitely, *Nurse*,
And if I live— *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Here is Mr. *Hartlove*, Madam come to see you.

La. Alas poore Gentleman, prethee admit him.

Enter Hartlove and Gent.

Ha. Madam, I am come to take my last leave.

La. How sir?

Ha. Of all my home affections, and my friends,
For the interest you had once in *Maria*,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

La. Would there were any thing in my poore power
That might divert your will, and make you happy;
I am sure I haue wrong'd her too, but let your pardon
Assure me you are charitable; shee's dead
Which makes us both sad: What do you look on?
The likest face—

Ma. Plesse us awle, why does that sentilman make such
unders and mazements at her, I know her not.

Ha. Be not offended maid. (him.

La. How the Wench blushes, shee represents *Marias* losse to

Ma. Will the sentilman hurt her, pray you be her defences,
was haue mad phisnomies, is her troubled with Lunaticks in her
praine pans, blesse us awle.

Ha. Where had you this face?

Ma. Her faces be our none I warrant her.

Ha. I wonot hurt you, all the lineaments
That built *Maria* up; all those springing beauties
Dwell on this thing, change but her tongue I know her:
Let me see your hand.

Ma. Du Guin, was never theeves, and robberies; here is no
findge in her hands warrant her.

Ha. Trust me, the self-same white,
And softnesse, prethee speak our English Dialect.

Ma. Haleggs? what does her speage hard urds to her, to make
poore *Guennith* ridicles, was no mannerly sentilman to a-
buse her

Ha. By the love,
That everlasting love I bare *Maria*—

The Night-walker, or

Ma. Maria, her name was *Guenith*, and good names, was poore elle, oman maide, her have no fine kanags to madge her trickie, yet in her owne cuntries was held a fine ense her can tels her, and honest ense too, marg you dat now, her can keepe her little legges close enough warrant her.

La. How pretily this anger shewes.

1. She gabbles innocently.

Ha. Madam farewell, and all good fortune dwell wthee, With me my owne affections; farwell maid, Faire gentle maide.

2. She sighes.

Ma. Du cat a whee.

Ha. I cannot goe, theres somewhat calls me backe.

Ma. Poore Franke,

How gladly would I entertaine thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids, me:
If please her Ladyship dwell here with *Gueneth*, and learne to
spinne and card ull, to mage flannells, and linsyes ulseis, fall
tawgco'd urds to her Ladyships urships for her.

The teares flow from him,

The teares of true affection, woe is me,
O cursed love that glories in maids miseries
And true mens broken hearts.

(forgive her.

La. Alas I pittie him, the wench is rude, and knowes you not,

Ma. Wyne your nyes pray you, though was porne in Walls
'mong craggy rocks, and mountaines yet heart is soft, looke you,
hur can weepe too, when hur see men mage prinie teares and la-
mentations.

Ha. How hard she holds me?

Just as *Maria* did, weepes the same drops,

Now as I have a living soule, her sight too;

What shall I thinke, is not your name *Maria*,

If it be not, delude me with so much charity

To say it is.

Ma. Vpon her life, you was mightie deal in love with some
podies, your pale seekes and hollow nyes, and pantings upon
her posome, know very well, because, looke you, her thinke her
honest sentilman, you shall call her *Maria*.

Ha. Good Madam, thinke not ill I am thus saweie,

La.

The Little Thief.

La. Oh no sir, be you not angry with the wench.

Ha. I am most pleas'd.

1. Lets interrupt him, hee'l be mad outright else.

2. Observe a little more.

Ha. Would I could in your language beg a kisse,

Ma. If her have necessities of a kisse, looke you, dere is one in sarities.

Ha. Let me suffer death,

If in my apprehension two twinnd cherries

Be more a kin, then her lips to *Marias*;

And if this harsh illusion would but leave her,

She were the same, good *Madam*, shall I have

Your consent now. *La.* To what?

Ha. To give this Virgin to me.

La. She's not mine, this is her Kinswoman,

And has more power to dispose; alas, I pittie him.

Pray gentleman prevaile with him to goe;

More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

Ha. You have beene alwayes kind to me, will you Denie me your faire Cousen.

No. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.

Ha. He is no friende that wishes my departure,

I doe not trouble you. 1. Tis not *Maria*.

Ha. Her shadow is enough, Ile dwell with that,
Persue your owne wayes, shall we live together;

Ma. If her will come to morrow and tauge to her, her will tell her more of her meanings, and then if her be melancholy, her will sing her a Welch song too, to make her merries, but *Guenith* was very honest; her was never love but one gentle-man, and he was beare her great teale of goodills too, was marry one day *S. Davy* her give her five paire of white gloves, if her will dance at her weddings.

Ha. All I am worth,

And all my hopes, this strange voyce would forsake her,

For then she shud be——prethee stay a little,

Harke'in thine eare, dissemble not, but tell me,

And save my life; I know you are *Maria*:

Speke but as I doe ten words to confirme me;

The Night-Walker, or

You have an English soule, do not disguise it
From me with these strange accents — She pinch'd hard
Againe, and sigh'd.

La. What ailes the Wench?

Exit.

Nur. Why, *Guy*?

Ha. She's gone too.

2. Come leave this dreame.

Ha. A dreame? I thinke so;

But 'twas a pleasing one, now Ile obey,

And forget all these wonders, lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Wildbrain and Toby.

Wi. **H**onest *Toby*?

To. Sweet Mr. *Wildbrain*, --- I am glad I ha met

Wi. Why did my aunt send for me?

(we yee.)

To. Your Aunt's a mortal, and thinkes not on you
For ought I can perceive.

Wi. Is my Cosen alive agen?

To. Neither, and yet we doe not heare
That she's buried.

Wi. What should make thee glad then?

To. What should make me glad? have I not cause,
To see your Princely body well, and walke thus,
Looke blith and bonny, and your wardrobe whole still?

Wi. The Case is cleare, and I ha found a Mine,
A perfect Indie, since my Aunt casheer'd me;
What think'fts of this?

To. Oh delicate bells.

Wi. Thou puttest me in minde,
We are to ring anon, I mean to send for thee;
Meete me at the old Parish Church.

To. Say no more.

Wi. When thy Lady is a bed, we ha conspir'd
A midnight peale for joy.

To.

The little Theef.

To. If I faile hang me th bell ropes.

Wi. And how? and how does my Aunt?

To. She's up to th eares in Law;

I doe so while her to the Counsellors chambers,

And backe againe, and bounce her for more money,

And too again, I know not what they doe with her;

But she's the merriest thing among these Lawdrivers;

And in their studies halfe a day together;

If they doe get her with *Magna Charta*, she sweares,

By all the abilitie of her old body,

She will so claw the Justice, she will sell

The tiles of the house she vowes, and sacke out o' th cellar,

(That she worships to Idolatry) but shele hang him.

Wi. I would she could : but hark thee honest *Toby*!

If a man haue a Mistresse, may we not

With out my Aunts leave, borrow now and then

A coach to tumble in; toward the Exchange,

And so forth? *To.* A Mistresse.

Wi. She may be thine when we are married.

To. Command, Ile carry you both in pompe;

And let my Lady go a foot a Law-catching,

And exercise her cornes : where is she Master *John*?

Wi. Shat see her. *To.* Shall we ring for her?

Wi. And drinke her health.

To. Drinke stiffely for five hours.

Wi. Weele drinke fifteen.

To. To night? we will ha twenty torches then,

And through the streets drive on triumphantly;

Triumphantly weele drive, by my Ladyes doore,

As I am a Christian, Coachman, I will rattle you

And urine in her porch and she shall feare me:

If you say more, I shall runne mad outright,

I will drinke sack and surfeit instantly;

I know not where I am now.

Exit.

Enter Lurcher.

Wi. Hold for thy buttons sake, the knave's transported.

Lur. Jacke Wildbraine?

(now?)

Wi. Honest *Tom*, how thrives the fellonious world with thee

Lur.

The Night-walker, or

Lur. You looky and talke as you were much exalted.

Wi. That's i'th right *Tom.* Ile tell thee first,
I ha shooke off my Aunt, and yet I live still,
And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha spoil'd me;
I keepe no houres now;
Nor need any false key
To the old womans Cabinets, I ha money
Vpon my word, and pawne no oathes toth' Butlers;
No matrimoniall protestations
For sacke posslets to the chambermaid,
I praise my Fate, therc be more wayes toth' wood *Tom.*

Lur. Prethee release my wonder.

Wi. Ile encrease it, wipe thine eyes,
Here is a chaine worth mony and some man had it,
A foolish Diamond, and other trifles—

Lur. The very same, Oh Gipsy! Infidell!
All that I sweat, and ventur'd my necke for,
He has got already; who would trust a strumpet.

Wi. This? This is nothing to what I possesse
At home. *Lur.* What home?

Wi. A house that shall be namelesse;
The Mistresse of it mine too, such a peece
For flesh and blood, added to that so loving—

Lur. Is she married?

Wi. I know not, nor I care not;
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious,
Thou wilt runne mad, Ile tell thee more hereafter,

Tur. Nay prethee a word more.

Wi. I tooke no paines to finde out all this Paradise,
My destiny threw me upon't ith' darke, I found it
Wanting a lodging too. *Lur.* No old acquaintance?

Wi. Never, never saw her;
But these things happen not in every age,
I cannot stay, If thou wilt meete anon
At my owne randevow, thou knowest the *Tavern,*
Weele sup together, after that a company
Of mery lads have made a match to ring.

Lur. You keepe youre exercise, i'the old Church?

The little Theefe.

Wi. No other,
There is no musicke to the bells, we wo'd
Have bonafires if we durst, and thou wo'd come
It shall cost thee nothing *Tom*, hang pilfering,
And keepe me company, in time I may
Shew thee my Wench too.

Lur. I cannot promise ; but you will be there ?

Wi. Weele tossle the bells, and make the steeple
Rore boy, but come to supper then.

Lur. My hand, and expect me:
Yes I will come or send, and to some purpose ;
Art come boy ?

Enter Boy with Gowne, Beard, and Constables staffe.
Excellent, Knave, how didst thou purchase these ?

Boy The staffe I stole last night from a sleeping Constable ;
The rest I borrowed by my acquaintance with
The players boyes; you were best to lose no time sir.

Lur. So, so, helpe boy, tis very well, doe I not looke
Like one that breakes the Kings peace with authoritie ?
You know your charge, prepare things handsomely,
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office,

Boy. There wants nothing already ; but I fly sir. *Exit.*

Lur. Now Fortune prove no flut, and Ile adore thee.

With:n. *Ser.* Whose there ? *Knocks.*

Lur. A friend wo'd speake with Master Justice.

Ser. Who are you ? *Lur.* I am the Constable.

Ser. My Master is not at leasure to heare businisse.

Lur. How? Not at leasure to doe the King service ;
Take heede what you say sir ; I know his worship,
If he know my busineste, would no excuse.

Ser. You must goe to another Justice, Ile assure
My Master is not well in health.

Lur. I know not,
But if your worshipful be not at leasure,
To do himsele a benefitt, I am gone sir,
An infinite benefitt, and the State shall thanke him for ;
Thanke him, and thinke on him too ; I am an Officer,
And know my place, but I doe love the Justice ;
I honor any authoritie above me :

The Night-walker, or

Beside, he is my neighbour, and I worship him.

Ser. You have no bookes, nor ballads, Mr Constable,
About you?

Lur. What should I doe with bookes? does it become
A man of my place to understand such matters?
Pray call your Master, if he please to follow me,
I shall discover to him such a plot,
Shall get him everlasting fame, Ile be hang'd for't
And he be not knighted instantly, and for reward
Have some of the malefactors lands Ile bring him too;
But I can not delay time. *Within.*

In. Who's that?

Ser. A Constable sir, would speake about some businesse,
He sayes, will bring you fame, and mighty profit.

Lur. Please your worship, come downe, Ile make you happy;
The notablest peece of villany I have in hand sir,
And you shall finde it out; I ha made choyce
To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and
Thanke me, as you finde the good on't afterwards.

In. What is it? Treason?

Lur. Tis little better, I can tell you, I have lodg'd
A crew of the most rank and desperate villaines:
They talke of robberies, and wayes they did 'em;
And how they left men bound in their studies.

In. With bookes and ballads?

Lur. That sir? that, and murders,
And thousand knaveries more, cha're very rich sir,
In mony, jewels, chaines, and a hundered more
Devises. *In.* Happy, happy Constable, I met yee
At the back doore, get ready knaves.

Lur. Not a man I beseech you,
I have privately appointed strength about me,
They cannot start, your men would breede suspicion;
All my desire is you would come alone;
That you might have the hope of the enterprize,
That you might heare e'm first, and then proceed sir,

In. I come, I come.

Lur. Tis very well.

Exit.

The Little Thief.

Lu. Keep all my doors fast, 'tis something late.

Lur. So, so, and please your worship I direct you. *Exit.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Master staves, I doubt his lime-twigges catch not,
If they do, all's provided; but I all

This while forget my own state, fair *Maria*

Is certainly alive, I met her in

Another habit, with her Nurse, 'twas she:

There is some trick in't, but when this is over,

Ile find it out, this project for the Usurer

May have good effect; however it will be sport

To mortifie him a litle; *Enter Lurcher.*

He's come without him:

Have you fail'd sir?

Lur. Prosper'd? my little Engineer; away,

He is ith' next room; be not you seen, sirra. *Exit.*

Boy. The pitfall's ready, never Justice

Was caught in such a nooze, ere he get out,

He shall run through a scouring purgatory,

Shall purge him to the quick, 'tis night already. *Exit.*

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lur. Come softly, yet sir softly, are you not weary?

In. Th'ast brought me into a melancholy place,

I see no creature. *Lur.* This is, sir, their den

Where they suppose themselves secure, I am faint,

With making hast; but I must be thus troubled,

And therefore never go without a cordial; *Seems to drink.*

Without this I should die;

How it refreshes me

Already? will't please your worship? I might have had

The manners to ha let you drink before me;

Now am I lusty. *In.* I was a good taste.

Lur. Taste? how dee find the vertue; nay sir spare it not:

My wife has the receipt, do's it not stir

Your worships body? when you come to examine,

'Twill make you speak like thunder. *In.* Hoy he.

Lur. It works already.

In. Is there never a chair, I was wearier than I thought,

The Night-walker, or

But who shall we have to take 'em Mr. Constable?

Lur. Let me alone, when I but give the watch-word
We will have men enough to surprise an Army.

Ju. I begin to be sleepy; what, hast a chair?

Enter another with a chair.

Lur. They do not dream of us, 'tis early rising;
Care, care, and early rising, common-wealths men
Are ever subjects to the nods; sit down sir,
A short nap is not much amiss; so, so, he's fast;
Fast as a fish ith' net, he has winking powder
Shall work upon him to our wish, remove him,
Nay, we may cut him into collops now
And he n're feel; have you prepar'd the vault sirra?

Boy. Yes, yes, sir, every thing in's place.

Lur. When we have plac'd him, you and I boy
Must about another project hard by; his portion
Will bind him sure enough till we return,
This villany weighs mainly, but weele purge ye.

Bells ring.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Now for mine ears, mine ears be constant to me;
They ring a wager, and I must deal justly, ha boyes.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Dost hear 'em, hark, these be the Ringers?

Boy. Are you sure the same?

Lur. Or my directions fail;
The coast is clear; how daintily they tumble?
How the bells go? how daintily they tumble?
And me thinks they seem to say; Fine fools Ile fit you.

Sex. excellent agen, good boyes—oh that was nought.

Lur. Who's that?

Boy. Be you conceal'd by any means yet, hark,
They stop, I hope the're to't agen, close sir.

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, Ringers.

Wi. A palpable knock. *Rin.* 'Twas none.

To. Be judg'd by the Sexton then,
If I have ears. *Sex.* A knock, a knock, a gross one.

To. Carman your gallon of wine, you ring most impiously,
Art thou of the worshipful company of the Knights oth' West,

And!

The little Theefe.

And handle a bell with no more dexterity ;
You think you are in Thames street
Juggling the carts : oh a clean hand's a jewel.

Boy. Good speed to your good exercise.

To. Y^e are welcome.

Boy. I come fir from a Gentleman, and neighbour hard by,
One that loves your musick well.

To. He may have more on't,
Handle a bell, as you were haling timber ;
Gross, gross, and base, absurd ;

Rin. Ile mend it next peal.

Boy. To intreat a knowledge of you, whether it be
By the Ear you ring thus cunningly or by the Eye ;
For to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.

Wi. But which way has he laid ?

Boy. That your Ear guides you,
And not your Eye.

To. Has won, has won, the Ear's our onely instrument :

Boy. But how shall we be sure on't.

To. Put all the lights out, to what end serve our Eyes then ?

Wi. A plain Case.

Boy. You say true, 'tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear
And can you ring ith' dark so ? (sure :

Wi. All night long boy.

Boy. 'Tis wonderful, let this be certain Gentlemen,
And half his wager he allows among ye ;
If possible you should ring so :

To. Possible. thou art a child, Ile ring when I am dead drunk ;
Out with the lights, no twinkling of a candle,
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,
And can bang it soundly ith' dark, I warrant you.

Wi. Come let's confirm him straight and win the wager. *Exit.*

Boy. Let me hear to strengthen me ;
And when y'ave rung Ile bring the money to you.

Lur. So, so, follow 'em ;
They shall have a cool reward, one hath gold of mine,
Good store in's pocket ;
But this will be reveng'd in a short warning.

Ring.

The Night-walker, or

They are at it lustily ; hey, how wantonly
They ring away their cloaths, how it delights me ;

Boy. Here, here, fir. *Enter Boy with cloaths.*

Lur. Haft *Wildbraines* ;

Boy. His whole case fir ; I felt it out, and by the guards
This should be the Coachmans, another suite too.

Lur. Away Boy, quickly now to the Usurer,
His hour to wake approaches.

Boy. That once finish'd,
Youle give me leave to play fir : here they come. *Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wi. I am monstrous weary.

To. Fie, how I sweat ? Reach me my cloak to cover me,
I run to oyl like a Porpise ; 'twas a brave peal.

Sex. Let me light my candle first, then Ile wait on you.

Wi. A very brave peal.

To. Carman, you came in close now.

Wi. Sure 'tis past midnight.

Rin. No stirring in the streets I hear.

To. Walk further, was that a pillar ? 'tis harder than my nose.
Where's the Boy promis'd us five pound ?

Wi. Room, I sweat still ; come, come, my cloak,
I shall take cold. *Enter Sexton.*

Sex. Where lies it ?

Wi. Here, here, and all our cloaths.

Sex. Where, where ? *Rin.* Ith' the corner.

To. Is thy candle blind too, give me the bottle,
I can drink like a Fish now, like an Elephant.

Sex. Here are the corners, but here are no cloaths ;
Yes, here is a cusse.

Wi. A cusse ? give me the candle,
Cusses wo'not cover me—I smell the knavery.

To. Ist come to a cusse ? my whole suit turned to a button ?

Wi. Now am I as cold again as though 'twere Christmas ;
Cold with my fear, Ile never ring by the ear more.

To. My new cloaths vanish'd ? *Wi.* My all cloaths *Toby.*

Rin. Here's none.

To. Not one of my dragons wings left to adorn me,
Have I muted all my feathers ?

Wi.

The Little Thief.

Wi. Cheated by the ear ; a plot to put out the candle ;
I could be mad ; my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold.

To. The cold, the cold I cry, and I cry truly,
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me.

Wi. What miserable fools were we ?

To. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights out ?

Wi. Prethee Sexton lets have a fire at thy house,
A good fire, weele pay thee some way for't, I am stone cold.

Sex. Alas I pittie you, come quickly Gentlemen.

Wi. Sure I ha been in a dream, I had no Mistress,
Nor gold, nor cloaths, but am a ringing rascal.

To. Fellows in affliction, let's take hands all,
Now are we fit for tumblers.

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lur. So, so, presently his sleep will leave him.
And wonder seize upon him,
Bid'em within be ready. *Ju.* What sound's this ?

What horrid dinne ? what dismal place is this ?

I never saw before, and now behold it ;

But by the half light of a lamp, that burns here :

My spirits shake, tremble through my body ;

Help, help,

Enter two Furies with black tapers.

Mercy, protect me, my soul quakes,

What dreadful apparitions ! how I shudder !

1. 2. Fu. Algripe.

Ju. What are you ?

1. We are helhounds, helhounds, that have commission
From the Prince of darkness,

To fetch thy black soul to him.

Ju. Am I not alive still ?

1. Thou art, but we have brought thee instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life, Stabbe,

2. Poyson.

1. Hang thy self, this choise is offer'd,

2. Thou canst not hope for heaven ; thy base soul is
Lost to all hope of mercy.

2. Quickly, quickly,

The torments cool.

1. And all the Fiends expect thee.

Come

The Night-walker, or

Come with us to that pit of endless horror,
Or we will force thee. *Ju.* Oh, oh, oh.

1. Groans are too late, sooner the ravisher,
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand Winters,
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, then thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their souls shot through with adders, torn on Engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
Could any imagination number them,
As there be moments in eternity:
And shall that Justice spare thee, that hast slain,
Murdered by thy extortion so many?

Ju. Oh, oh.

2. Do execution quickly, or we'll carry thee alive to hell.

Ju. Gently, gentle devils, do not force me
To kill my self, nor do not you do't for me;
O let me live, He make amends for all.

1. Tell us of thy repentance? perjur'd villain,
Pinch off his flesh, he must be whipt, salted and whipt.

Ju. Oh misery of miseries!

Recorders 1. 2. Tear his accursed limbs, to hell with him, ha.
A mischief on that innocent face, away. *Creeps in*

Enter Boy like an Angel.

Boy. Malicious furies hence, choak not the seeds
Of holy penitence.

Ju. This must be an Angel,
How at his presence the fiends crawl away?
Here is some light of mercy.

Boy. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man;
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee?
What sayes thy conscience now?

Ju. Be my good Angel, here I promise thee,
To become honett, and renounce all villany;
Enjoyn me any pennance, He build Churches;

A whole

The Little Thief.

A whole City of Hospitals.

Boy. Take heed,
There is no dallying, nor are these impos'd.

Iu. Name any thing within my power, sweet Angel;
And if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to Icicles.

Boy. Ith' number of thy foul oppressions;
Thou hast undone a faithful Gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land. *Iu.* Young Lurcher,
I do confess.

Boy. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself;
Prevent his ruine, or his blood will be
More sin in thy account: hast thou forgotten
He had a sister?

Iu. I do well remember it.

Boy. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn vow,
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a day for thy unkindness,
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldst thou marry another?

Iu. But she is dead,
And I will make true satisfaction.

Boy. What do instance these, that hast been false
To all the world.

Iu. I know it, and will henceforth
Practise repentance, do not frown sweet Angel;
I will restore all mortgages, forswear
Abominable Usury, live chaste;
For I have been wanton in my shroud my age;
And if that poor innocent maid, I so abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My dayes to come religiously.

Boy. I was commanded but a Messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those,
Whose malice would have drag'd thee quick to hell,
If thou abuse this mercy and repent not.

The Night-walker, or

Double damnation will expect thee for it ;
But if thy life be vertuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good example,
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses,
Drink of this viol, and renew thy spirits,
I ha done my office, think on't and be happy.

Lur. So, so, he gapes already, now he's fast ;
Thou hast acted rarely ; but this is not all ;
First, help to convey him out o'th vault.

Boy. You will dispense with me now, as you promis'd fir,

Lur. We will make shift without thee, tha'ft done well,
By our device this bondage may scape hell. *Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Maria.

La. Didst think *Maria*, this poor outside, and
Dissembling of thy voice could hide thee from
A mothers searching eye, though too much fear,
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a lover
That thought thee dead too ; oh my dear *Maria*,
I hardly kept my joyes in from betraying thee :
VVelcome again to life, we shall find out
The mystery of thy absence ; conceale
Thy person still, for *Algripe* must not know thee :
And exercise this pretty dialect ;
If there be any course in Law to free thee,
Thou shalt not be so miserable ; be silent
Good Nurse.

Nur. You shall not need to fear me Madam,
I do not love the usuring Jew so well ;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

La. Be not dejected *Mall.*

Ma. Your care may comfort me ;
But I despair of happiness :
Hartlove, I dare not see him.

Nur. VVeele withdraw.

La. I shall but grieve to see his passions too,
Since there's no possibility to relieve him.

Enter Hartlove.

Ha. The world's a Labyrinth, where unguided men

VValk

The little Thief.

Walk up and down to find their weariness ;
No sooner have we measured with much toil
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction ;
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures ?

Oh *Mariah* !

If thou beest dead, why does thy shadow fright me ?
Sure 'tis because I live ; were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust
Might have the privilege to mix in silence,
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen !

Enter Boy.

Thus far my wishes have success, Ile lose
No time : Sir, are not you call'd Mr. *Hartlove* ?
Pardon my rudeness.

Ha. What does that concern

Thee Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee,
And I am weary on't. *Boy.* Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it sir, so large were my
Directions, that you could not speak this language,
But I should know you by your sorrow.

Ha. Thou

Wert well inform'd, it seems ; well, what's your business ?

Boy. I come to bring you comfort.

Ha. Is *Mariah*

Alive agen ? that's somewhat, and yet not
Enough to make my expectation rise, to
Past half a blessing, since we cannot meet
To make it up a full one ; th'art mistaken.

Boy. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise ;
In vain I should report *Mariah* living ;
The comfort that I bring you must depend
Upon her death. *Ha.* Th'art a dissembling boy,
Some one has sent thee to mock me, though my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green years, unripe
For malice ; did I know what person sent thee
To tempt my sorrow thus, I should revenge it.

H

Boy.

Boy. Indeed I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you, let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,
If you do find me false; I serve a Mistress
VVould rather dye than play with your misfortunes;
Then good sir hear me out.

Ha. VVho is your Mistress?

Boy. Before I name her, give me some encouragement,
That you receive her message, she is one
That is full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one anothers.

Ha. Thou art wild?

Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can at best,
But swell my Volume, large enough already.

Boy. She was late belov'd, as you were, promis'd faith,
And marriage, and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole *Maria's* heart.

Ha. How's that?

Boy. Just as *Maria* dealt with your affection,
Did he that married her, deal with my Mistress,
VVhen careless both of honour and Religion;
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.

Ha. Part of this truth I know, but prethee boy
Proceed to that thou cam'st for; thou didst promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.

Boy. That I come to:

My mistress thus unkindly dealt with all,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had ere this, wept her self drye as marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And twinne to her own sorrow brought her comfort.

Ha. Could the condition of my fate so equal,
Lessen her sufferings?

The little Thief.

Boy. I know not how
Companions in grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easie, by degrees :
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours,
And from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your person thus increas'd,
And with it, confidence, that those whom Nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd, this gave her boldness
To employ me thus far.

Ha. A strange message boy.

Boy. If you incline to meet my Mistress love,
It may beget your comforts ; besides that,
'Tis some revenge, that you above their scorn
And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

Ha. Have you done boy. *Boy.* Onely this little more ;
When you but see, and know my Mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness, she's fair,
Fair as *Maria* was.

Ha. Ile hear no more,
Go foolish Boy, and tell thy fonder Mistress
She has no second Faith to give away ;
And mine, was given to *Maria*, though her death
Allow me freedom, see the Picture of her.

Enter Maria, Nurse.

I would give ten thousand Empires for the substance ;
Yet for *Maria's* sake, whose divine Figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeite
Above all the world, and had had thy Mistress all
The grace and blossom of her sex ; now she
Is gone, that was walking a Spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.

Boy. Sir, your pardon,
I have but done a message, as becomes
A servant, nor did she on whose commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love

To your disquiet, she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.

Ha. Bretty Boy.

Boy. Indeed I fear I have offended you :
Pray if I have, enjoin me any penance for it ;
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another. *Ha.* And Ile take thee
At thy word boy, thou hast a moving language,
That pretty innocent, Copie of *Maria*
Is all I love, I know not how to speak,
Winne her to thinke well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.

Boy. I undertake
Nothing for gain, but since you have resolv'd.
To love no other, Ile be faithful to you,

And my prophetick thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.

Ha. Thou wert sent to bless me.

Boy. Pray give us opportunity.

Ha. Be happy.

Exit.

Nur. He's gone. *Boy.* With your fair leave Mistress.

Ma. Have you business with her pray you?

Boy. I have a message from a gentleman,
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private.

Nur. You shall have my absence Niece.

Exit.

Ma. Was the gentleman afraid to declare his matters openly,
here was no bodies was not very honest, if her like not her ex-
rands the petter, was wist to keep her preathes to coole her por-
ridges, can tell her that now for aule her private hearings and
tawgings.

Boy. You may, if please you, find another language,
And with less pains be understood.

Ma. What is her meaning?

Boy. Come, pray speak your own English.

Ma. Have boyes lost her itts and memories? bless us aule.

Boy. I must be plain then; come, I know you are
Maria, this thinne vail cannot obscure you :

The little Thief.

Ile tell the world you live, I have not lost yee,
Since first with griefe and shame to be surpris'd,
A violent trance took away shew of life;
I could discover by what accident
You were convey'd away at midnight, in
Your coffin, could declare the place, and minute,
When you reviv'd, and what you have done since as perfectly---

Ma. Alas, I am betraid to new misfortunes.

Boy. You are not for my knowledge, Ile be dumbe
For ever, rather than be such a traytor;
Indeed I pity you, and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace, call home your modest blood,
Pale hath too long usurp'd upon your face;
Think upon love agen, and the possession
Of full blown joyes, now ready to salute you.

Ma. These words undo me more than my own griefes.

Boy. I see how fear would play the tyrant with you,
But Ile remove suspicion; have you in
Your heart an entertainment for his love,
To whom your Virgin faith made the first promise?

Ma. If thou mean'st *Hartlove*, thou dost wound me still,
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long,
Thou seest I walk in darkness like a cheef,
That fears to see the world in his own shape,
My very shadow frights me, tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face,
Away, I know thee not.

Boy. You shall hereafter know, and thank me Lady,
Ile bring you a discharge at my next visit,
Of all your fears, be content fair *Maria*,
Tis worth your wonder.

Ma. Impossible.

Boy. Be wise and silent,
Dress your self, you shall be what you wish.

Ma. Do this, and be
My better Angell.

Boy. All your cares on me.

Exeunt.

Actus.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lurch. and Boy.

Lur. **I** Must applaud thy diligence.

Boy. It had been nothing
To have left him in the Porch ; I cal'd his servants,
With wonders they acknowledg'd him, I pretended
It was some spice, sure of the falling sickness,
And that was charity to bring him home ;
They rub'd and chaf'd him, ply'd him with strong water,
Still he was senseless, clamors could not wake him ;
I wish'd'em then get him to bed, they did so,
And almost smother'd him with rugges and pillows ;
And 'cause they should have no cause to suspect me,
I watch'd them till he wak'd. *Lur.* 'Twas excellent.

Boy. When his time came to yawn, and stretch himself,
I bid'em not to be hasty to discover
How he was brought home ; his eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his servants,
And told'em he had seen strange visions,
That should convert him from his Heathen courses ;
They wondred, and were silent, there he preach'd
How sweet the air of a contented conscience
Smelt in his nose now, ask'd'em all forgiveness
For their hard pasture since they liv'd with him ;
Bid'em believe, and fetch out the cold sur-loin :
Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbours joy in't :
The conceal'd Muskadine should now lye open
To every mouth ; that he would give toth' poor,
And mend their wages ; that his doors should be
Open to every miserable sutor.

Lur. What said his servants then ?

Boy. They durst not speak,
But blest themselves, and the strange means that had
Made him a Christian in this over-joy,
I took my leave, and bad'em say their prayers,

And

The little Thief.

And humor him, lest he turned Jew agen.

Lur. Enough, enough. Whose this? *Enter Toby.*
'Tis one of my ringers; stand close, my Ladies Coachman.

To. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat;
Would I were at rack and manger among my horses;
We have devided the Sextons
Houhold stuff among us, one has the rugge, and he's
Turn'd Irish, and another has a blanket, and he must begge in't,
The sheets serve another for a frock, and with the bed-cord,
He may pass for a Porter, nothing but the mat would fall
To my share, which with the help of a tune and a hasslocke
Oat oth' the Church may disguise me till I get home;
A pox a bell-ringing by the Ear, if any man take me
At it agen, let him pull mine to the Pillory, I could wish
I had lost mine Ears, so I had my cloaths agen:
The wether wo' not allow this fashion,
I do look for an ague besides.

Lur. How the raskal shakes?

To. Here are company:
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat,
A hasslocke for your feet, or a Piss clean and sweet;
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat:
Ringing, I renounce thee, Ile never come to Church more.

Lur. You with a mat? *To.* I am call'd.
If any one should offer to buy my mat, what a case were I in?
Oh that I were in my Oat-tub with a horse loaf,
Something to hearten me:
I dare not hear'em;
Buy a mat for a bed, Buy a mat.

Lur. He's deaf.

To. I am glad, I am; buy a mat for a bed.

Lur. How the raskal swears? What a pickle he is in?
Every street he goes through will be a new torment.

To. If ever I meet at midnight more a jingling:
I am cold, and yet I drop; buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat. *Exit.*

Lur. He has punishment enough.

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this, my tother youth? he is turn'd Bear.

Wi. I am half afraid of my self: this poor shift

The Night-walker, or

A friend of mine to be acquainted with you,
He's other than he seems; why d'ee stare thus?

Mi. Oh sir, forgive me, I have done ye wrong.

Lur. What's the matter? didst ever see her afore *Jack*?

Wi. Prethee do what thou wo't wo'me, if thou hast
A mind, hang me up quickly.

Lur. Never despair, Ile give thee my share rather,
Take her, I hope she loves thee at first sight,
She has Peticoates will patch thee up a suit;
I resign all, onely Ile keep these trifles,
I took some pains for 'em, I take it *Jack*;
What thing you pinke of beauty, come let me
Counsel you both to marry, she has a trade,
If you have audacity to hook in Gamsters:
Let's ha a wedding, you will be wondrous rich;
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
I will be a rare match.

Mi. As you are a man forgive me, Ile redeem all.

Lur. Yo wo't not to this geer of marriage then?

Wi. No, no, I thank you *Tom*, I can watch for
A groat a night, and be every gentlemans fellow. (*Exit Mi.*)

Lur. Rise, and be good, keep home and tend your business.

Wi. Thou had don't to purpose, give me thy hand *Tom*;
Shall we be friends? thou seest what state I am in,
Ile undertake this penance to my Aunt,
Just as I am, and openly Ile go;

Where, if I be received again for currant,
And fortune smile once more——

Lur. Nay, nay, I'me satisfied, so farewell honest louzie *Jack*.

Wi. I cannot help it, some men meet with strange destinies.
If things go right thou maist be hang'd, and I
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel:
So farewell *Tom*, commend me to thy Polcat. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lady, Nurse, Servant.

La. Now that I have my counsel ready, and my cause ripe;
The Judges all inform'd of the abuses;
Now that he should be gone.

Nur. No man knows whether,

And

The little Thief.

And yet they talk he went forth with a Constable
That told him of strange business, that would bring him
Money and lands, and heaven knows what; but they
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an Officer:
And as a secret, Madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spie,
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil
Ith' likeness of a Constable, that has tempted him
By this time to strange things; there have been men
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,
And so forth; many trees have born strange fruits:
De'e think he has not hang'd himself?

La. If he be hang'd, who has his goods?

Nur. They are forfeited, they say.

La. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Onely to cosen me of my Girles portion. *Nu.* Very likely.

La. Or not did the Constable carry him to some prison?

Nu. They thought on that too, and search'd every where.

La. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.

Nu. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And mustered all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is the gentleman agen.

La. What gentleman?

Ser. He that lov'd my young Mistrefs.

La. Alas, 'tis *Harslove*, 'twill but feed his melancholly,
To let him see *Maria*, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.

Nu. Please you entertain him a while Madam,
He cast about for something with your daughter.

La. Do what thou wor, pray Mr. *Harslove* enter.

Enter Harslove.

Exit Ser. & Nurse severally.

Ha. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon.

La. Pardon, for what? you ne re offended me.

Ha. Yes, if ye be the mother of *Maria*.

La. I was her mother, but that word is cancel'd,

And buried with her in that very minute
Her soul fled from her, we lost both our names
Of mother and of daughter.

Ha. Alas, Madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood ;
No matter for the empty voice of mother ;
Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love *Maria*, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted. *La.* You amaze me, by whom ?

Ha. By me, I am the vile profaner.
La. Why do you speak thus indiscreetly sir ?
You ever honour'd her. *Ha.* I did alive,
But since she died, I ha been a villain to her.

La. I do beseech you say not so ; all this
Is but to make me know, how much I sinn'd
In forcing her to marry- *Ha.* Do not mock me,
I charge you by the Virgin you have wept for ;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And through her marble, oft to be reveng'd ;
A wickedness, that if I should be silent,
You as a witness must accuse me for't.

La. Was I a witness ? *Ha.* Yes, you knew I lov'd
Maria once ; or grant, you did but think so,
By what I ha profess'd, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
VVhen I should drop my tears upon her grave-
Yes, and proof sufficient. *La.* To what ?

Ha. That I forgetfull of my fame and vov'es
To fair *Maria*, ere the worm could pierce
Her tender shroud, had chang'd her for another ;
Did you not blush to see me turne a Rebell ?
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,
VVithout a name ? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow
That she had scap'd a punishment more killing,

The little Thief.

Oh how I shame to think on't.

La. Sir in my

Opinion, 'twas an argument of love

To your *Maria*, for whose sake you could

Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

Ha. No more, you are too charitable, but

I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never

Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent face

Like your *Maria's* won so late upon me,

My passions are corrected, and I can

Look on her now, and woman kind, without

Love in a thought; 'tis thus, I came to tell you,

If after this acknowledgement, you'll be

So kind to shew me in what silent grave

You have dispos'd your daughter, I will ask

Forgiveness of all her dust, and never leave,

Till with a loud confession of my shame

I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon:

Will you deny this favour? then farewell,

I'll never see you more: ha!

*Enter Nurse, Maria in her own apparel, after some shew
of wonder he goes toward her.*

La. Be not deluded sir, upon my life

This is the soul whom you but thought *Maria*

In my daughters habit; what did you mean Nurse?

I knew she would but cozen you, is she not like now?

One dew unto another is not nearer.

Nu. She thinks she is a gentlewoman;

And that imagination has so taken her,

She scorns to speak, how handsomly she carries it,

As if she were a well bred thing, her body?

And I warrant you, what looks?

La. Pray be not foolish.

Ha. I disturb no body, speak but half a word.

And I am satisfied, but what needs that?

I'll swear 'tis she.

La. But do not, I beseech you,

For trust me sir, you know not what I know.

Ha. Peace then.

And

And let me pray, she holds up her hands with me, *I would*

La. This will betray all. *Ha.* Love ever honor'd,

And ever young, thou Sovereign of all hearts,

Of all our sorrows, the sweet ease, *She weeps now*

Does she still cosen me? *Nu.* You will see anon,

'Twas her desire, expect the issue Madam.

Ha. My soul's so bigge, I cannot pray; 'tis she,

I will go nearer. *Enter Algripe, Lurcher, Boy.*

Nur. Here's Mr. *Algripe*, and other strangers Madam.

Al. Here good Lady,

Upon my knees I ask thy worships pardon;

Here's the whole summe I had with thy fair daughter;

Would she were living, I might have her peace too,

And yield her up again to her old liberty:

I had a wife before, and could not marry;

My pennance shall be on that man that honor'd her,

To conferre some land. *La.* This is incredible.

Al. 'Tis truth. *Lu.* Do you know me sir?

Al. Ha, the gentleman I deceiv'd.

Lur. My name is *Lurcher*. *Al.* 'Shat have thy morgage.

Lur. I ha that already, no matter for the deed.

If you release it. *Al.* Ile do't before thy witness;

But where's thy sister? if she live I am happy, though

I conceal our contract, which was

Stoln from me with the evidence of this land!

The Boy goes to Maria and gives her a paper; she wonders, and

smiles upon Hartlove, he amaz'd approaches her: afterward

she shews it her mother, and then gives it to Hartlove.

Nur. Your daughter smiles.

Lur. I hope she lives, but where, I cannot tell sir.

Boy. Even here, and please you sir.

Al. How?

Boy. Nay, 'tis she;

To work thy fair way, I preserved you brother,

That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd ye

Thus like a boy; I served you faithfully,

And cast your plots to preserve your credit;

Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses;

So far as you would hearken to my counsel;

That

The little Thief.

That all the world may know how much you owe me.

Al. Welcome entirely, welcome my dear *Alathe*,
And when I lose thee again, blessing forsake me:
Nay, let me kiss thee in these cloaths.

Lur. And I too, (chief?
And bless the time I had so wise a sister, w^{er}t thou the little

Boy. I stole the contract, I must confess,
And kept it to my self, it most concern'd me.

Ha. Contracted? this destroys his after marriage.

Ma. Dare you give this hand
To this young gentleman, my heart goes with it.

Al. *Maria* alive! how my heart's exalted, 'tis my duty;
Take her *Frank Hartlove*, take her; and all joys
With her; besides some lands to advance her Joynture:

La. What I have is your own, and blessings crown ye.

Ha. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, gentlemen,

My hopes are too high. *Ma.* Be more temperate,
Or Ile be Welsh again. *Al.* A day of wonder.

Lur. Lady, your love, I ha kept my word; there was
A time, when my much suffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to cross you:
And fearing you were dead I stole your Coffin,
That you might never more usurp my office:
Many more knacks I did, which at the Weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales.

Enter Wildbrain. *Shout within.*

Wi. Hollow your throats a pieces, I am at home;
If you can roar me out again—

La. What thing is this?

Lur. A continent of fleas: room for the Pageant;
Make room afore there; your kinsman *Madam*.

La. My kinsman? let me wonder!

Wi. Do, and Ile wonder too, to see this company
At peace one with another; 'tis not worth
Your admiration, I was never dead yet;
Ye're merry Aunt, I see, and all your company:
If ye be not, Ile fool up, and provoke ye?

I will

The Night-walker, or the little Thief.

I will do any thing to get your love again :
Ile forswear midnight, Taverns and temptations ;
Give good example to your Grooms, the maids
Shall go to bed and take their rest this year ;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.

Lur. And when you will fool again, you may go ring.

Wi. Madam, have mercy. *La.* Your submission sir,

I gladly take, we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards ;
Now you are soundly sham'd, well we restore you :

Where's *Toby* ?

Where's the Coachman ?

Nur. He's a bed, Madam.

And has an ague, he sayes.

Lur. Ile be his Physitian.

La. We must a foot then.

Lur. E're the Priest ha done

Toby shall wait upon you with his Coach,
And make your Flanders Mares dance back agen we'ye,
I warrant you Madam you are mortified,
Your sute shall be granted too.

Wi. Make, make room afore there.

La. Home forward with glad hearts, home child.

Ma. I wait you.

Ha. On joyfully, the cure of all our grief,
Is owing to this pretty little Thief.

Exeunt omnes.

The Actors Names.

Tom Lurcker.

Jack Wilbrain.

Gentlemen.

Justice Algripe.

Frank Hartlove.

Toby.

Servants:

Sexton.

Bell-Ringers.

Boy.

A Lady, Mother to Maria.

Maria.

Nurse.

Mistress Newlove.

Women.

Mistress.

FINIS.



Books newly Printed for, and are to
be sold by *William Crook*, at the
three Bibles on Fleet-bridge, 1665.

C *Aliopes Cabinet opened*, wherein Gentlemen may be informed how to adorn themselves for funeralls, feasting, and other Heroick meetings: also, here they may know their place and worth, withal the degrees and distinctions of Honour in the Realm, shewing how every one ought to take place, with the Titles due to them, with other things of Antiquity very observable, by *James Salter*.

Sixty nine Epigrammatical Characters, all very exactly drawn to the life, from several Persons, Humours, and Dispositions, pleasant and full of delight, the second Edition by the Author, *R. F. Esq.*

Some years Travels into divers parts of Africa and Asia the great, describing more particularly the Empire of *Persia* and *Industan*: Interwoven with such remarkable occurrences as hapned in those parts during these later Times, as also many other rich and famous Kingdomes in the *Oriental India*, with the Isles adjacent, severally relating their Religion, Language, Customes, and Habit: as also proper observations concerning them, &c.

The Compleat Vineyard, or an excellent way for the planting of vines, not only according to the *German* and *French* way, but also long Experimented in *England*; wherein are set forth the whole circumstances necessary for the planting a Vineyard (*viz.*) the best election of your soil, the scituation thereof, the best way for planting your young plants, the

the best time and manner of proining, both the stocks and roots, the turning and translation of the ground, &c. withal other things necessary to the plant, and the fashion of your Wine-presses, with the manner of bruising and pressing, and also how to advance our *English* Vines, never before Printed, by *W. Hughes*.

The Royal Stemm, being an account of all the most considerable passages in these Kingdoms, since *William the Conqueror* to this time, in a broad sheet side of paper, with the picture of our Sovereign, King *Charles* the second lively engraven in Brass.

The History of St. George, the titular patron of *England*, his Life and Martyrdom, with his delivering the King of *Arabia's* daughter, by killing a dreadful Dragon, and the Conversion of that people in Verse, by the labours of *Thom. Lowick, Gent.*

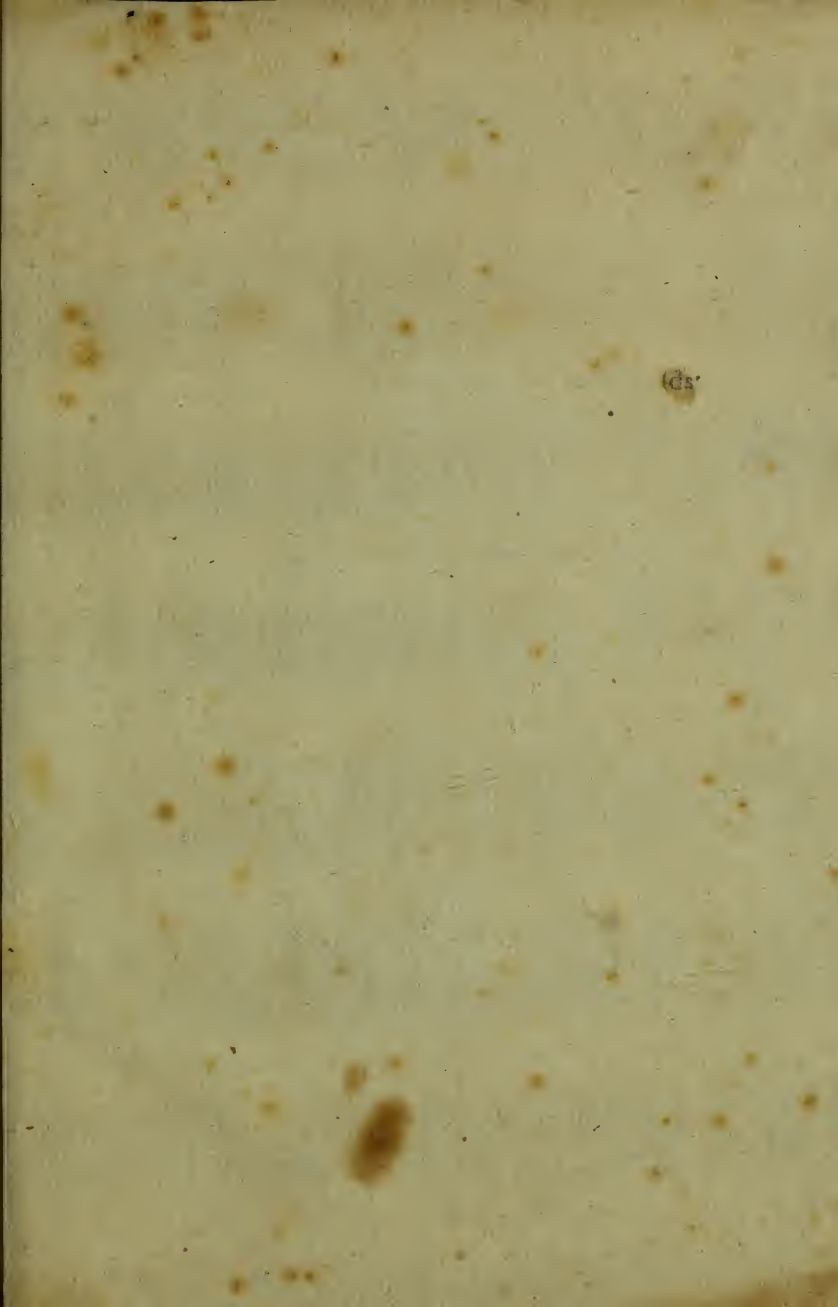
Hic & ubique, a Comedy acted at *Dublin* in *Ireland* with Applause.

The Pictures to the Bible are newly and lively done for *W. Crook*.

There is now coming out of the Press these two new Plays, printed for the foresaid *W. Crook*.

1. *The F rejectors*,
2. *Victoria & Corombonia*, or the White Devil, both acted now at His Majesties Theater Royal.

FINIS.





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